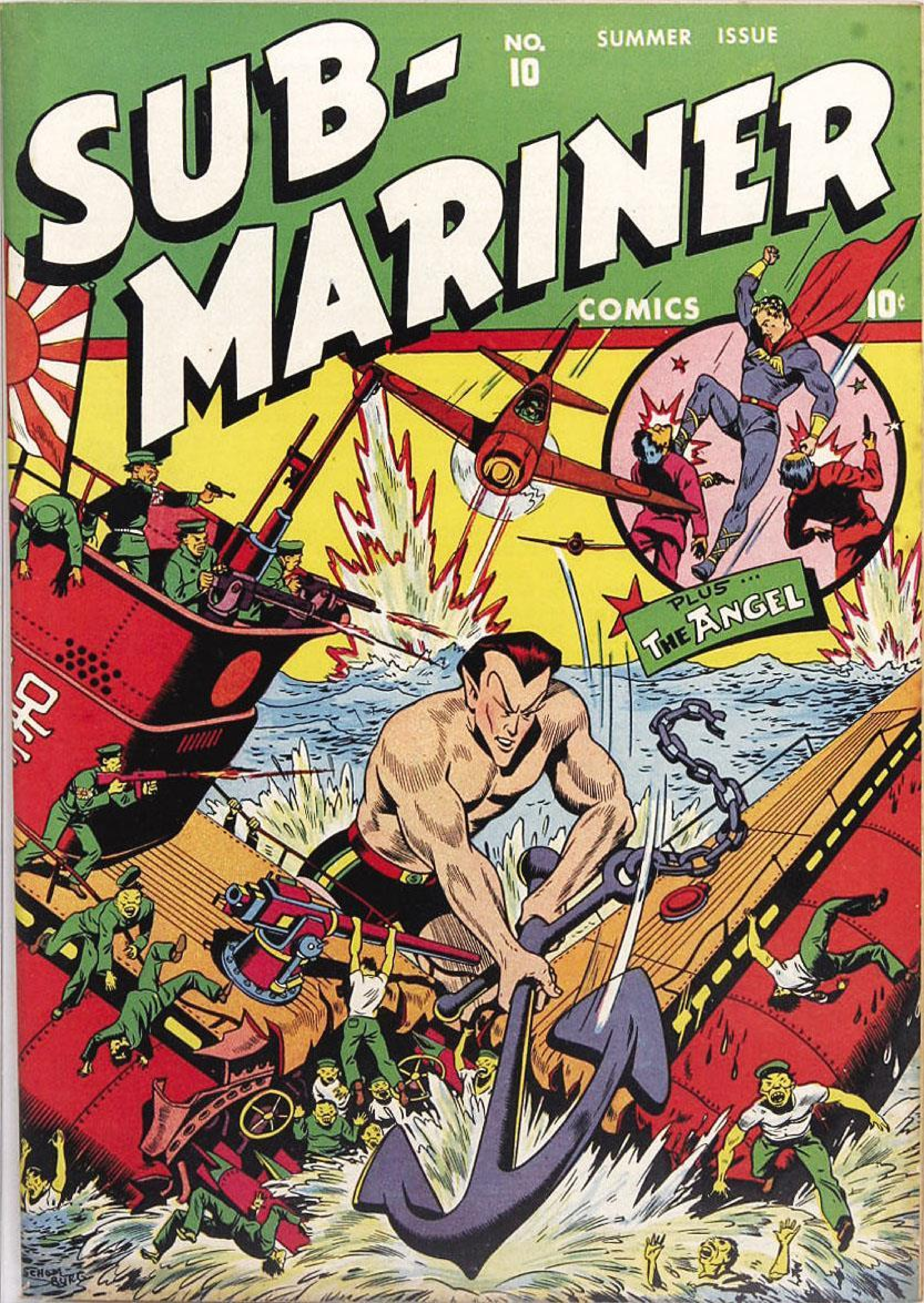
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SUB-MARINER
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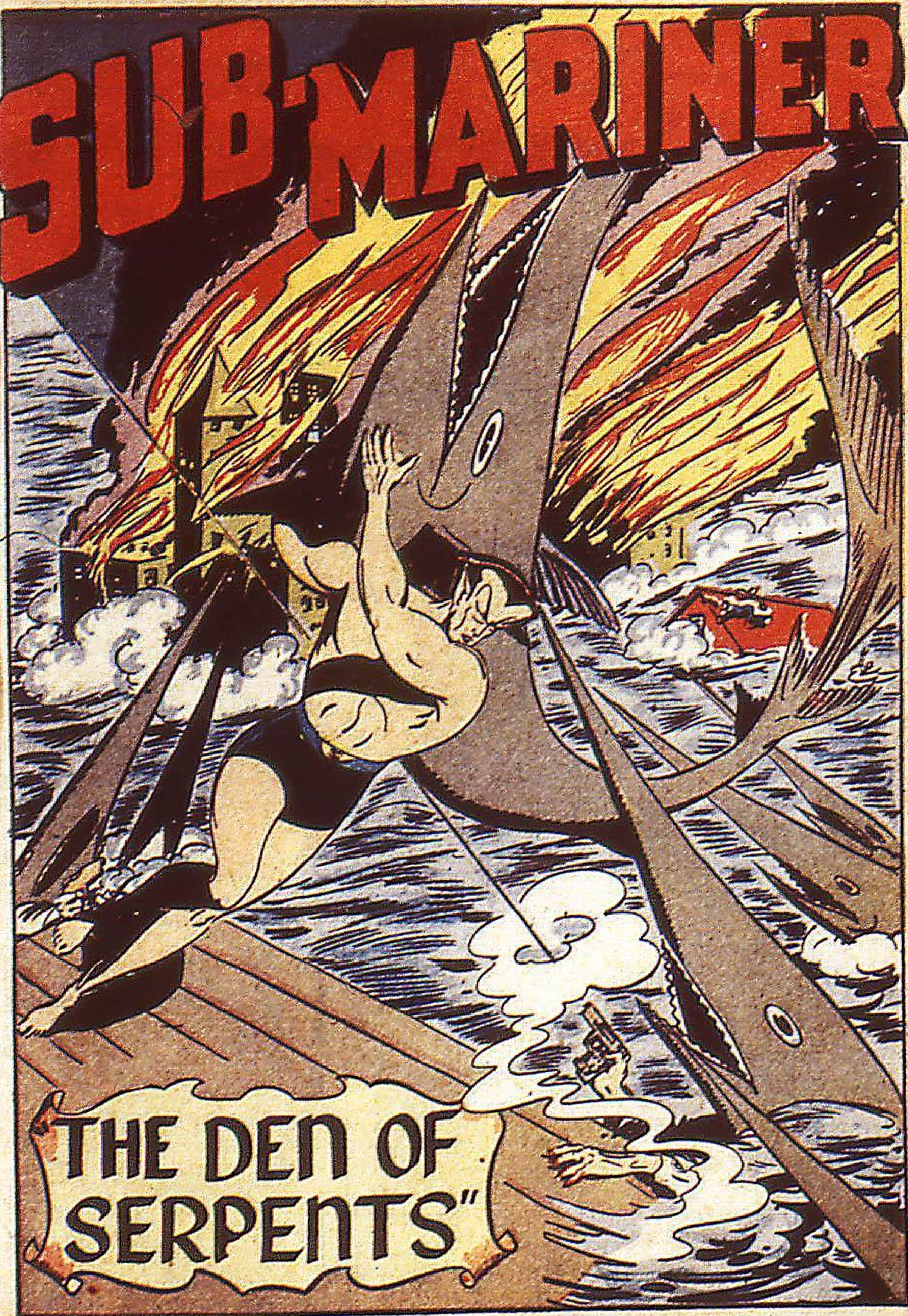
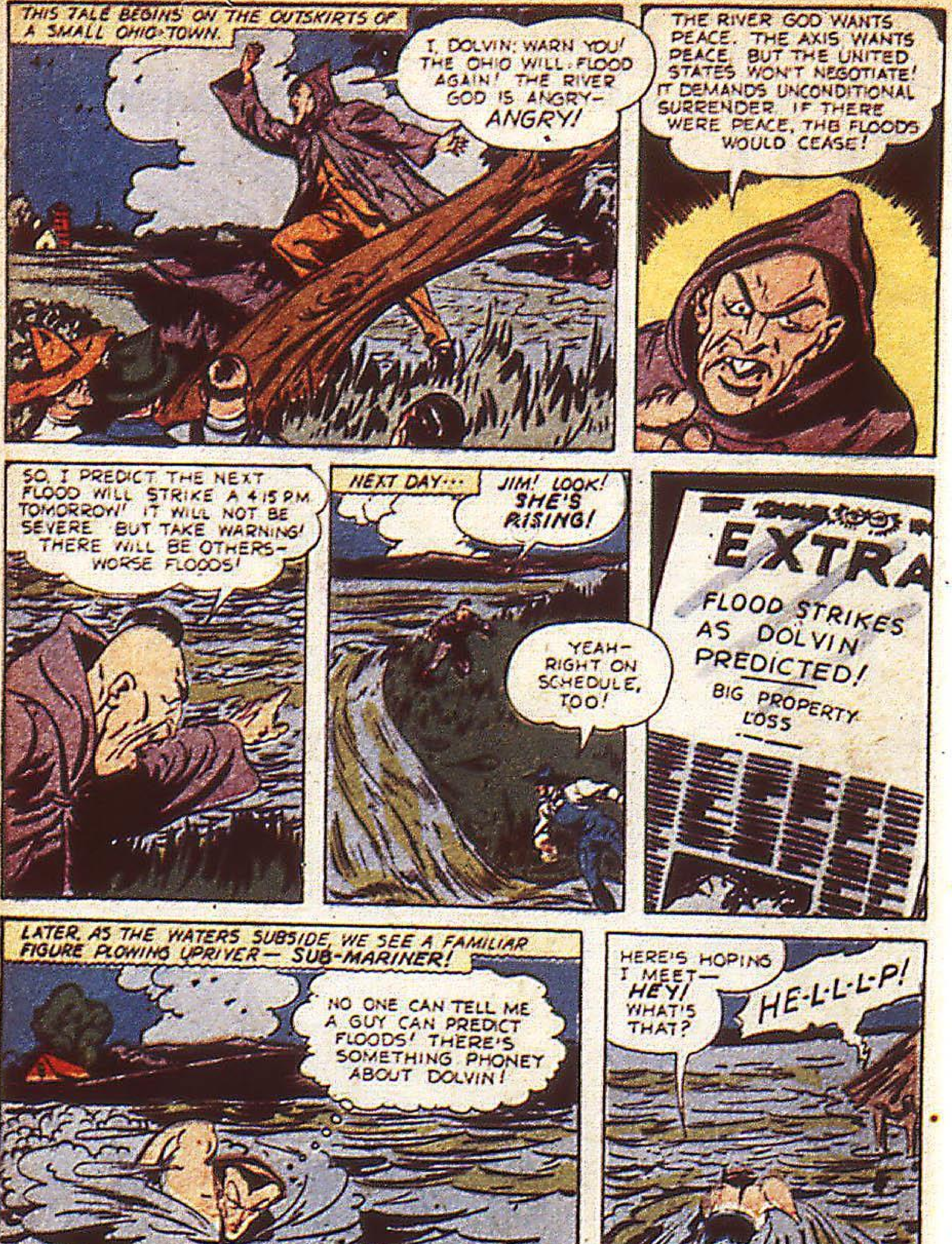
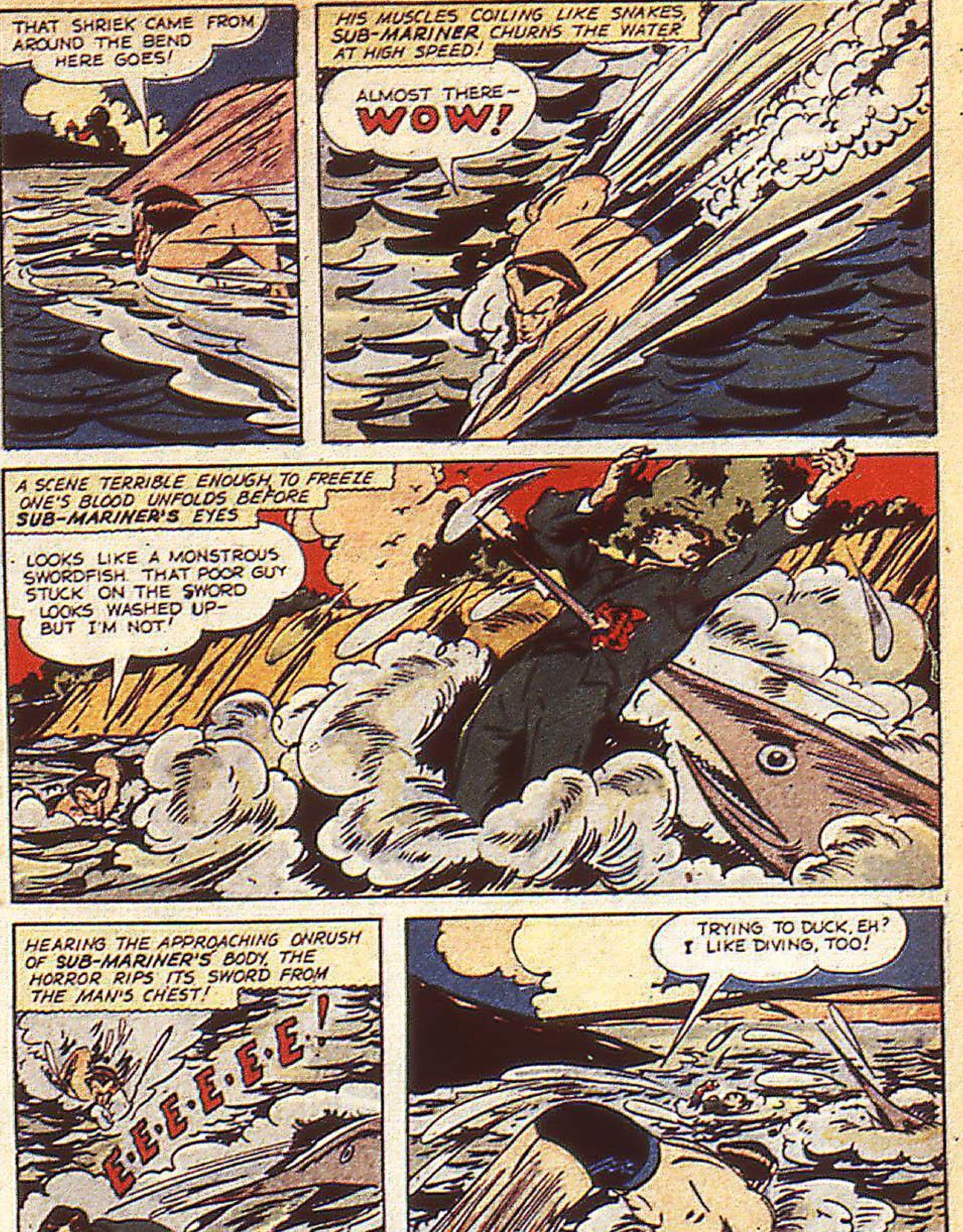
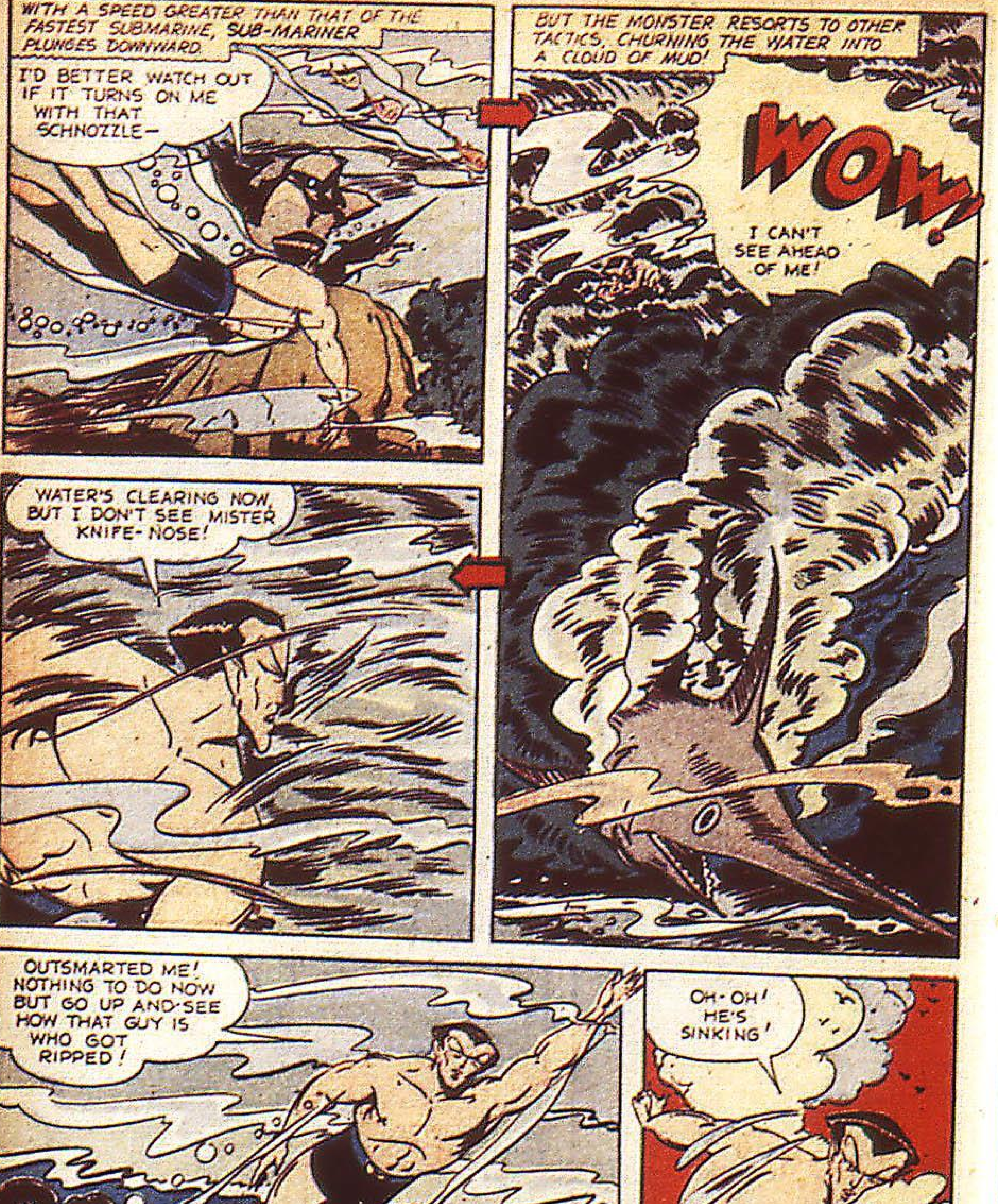
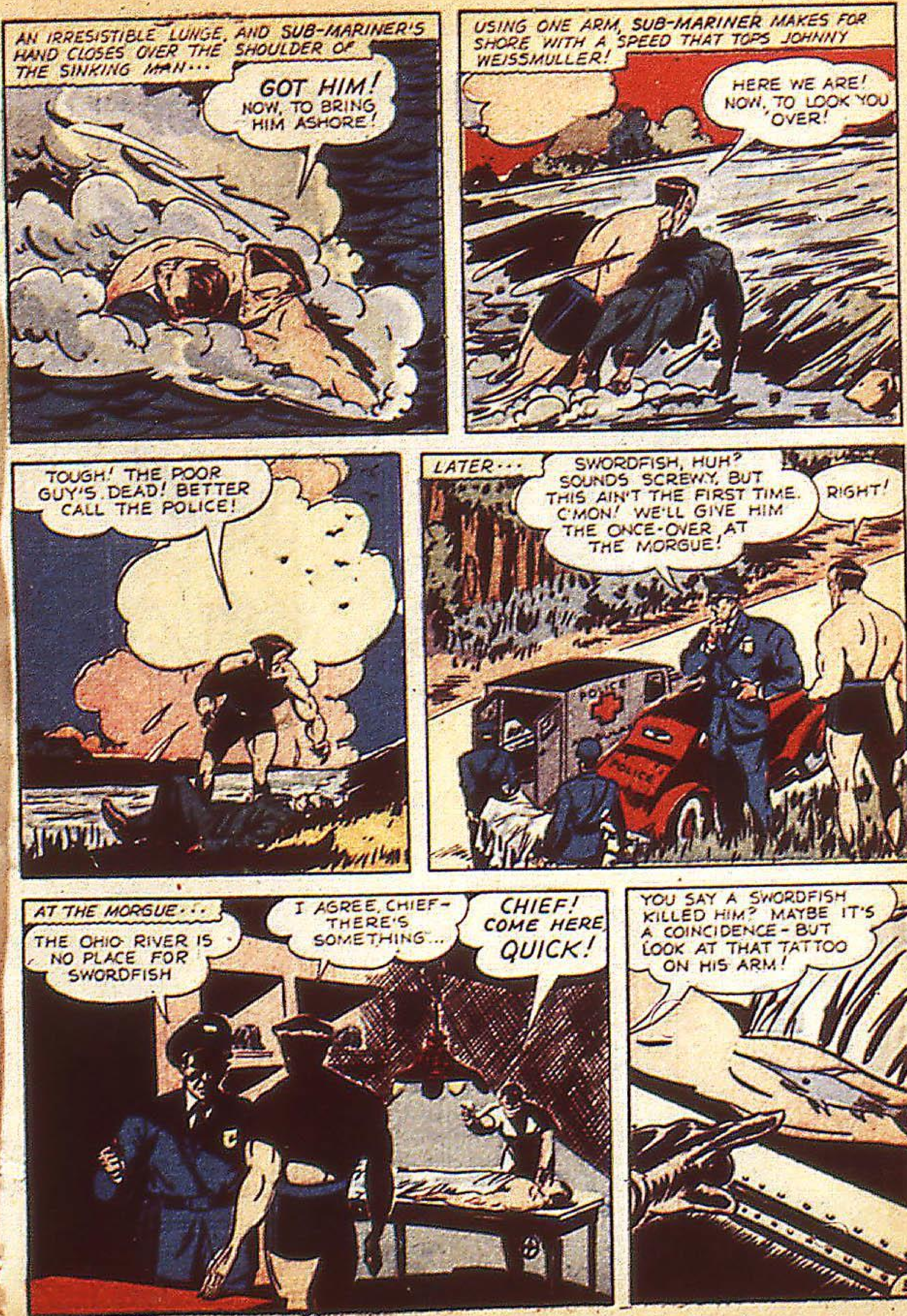
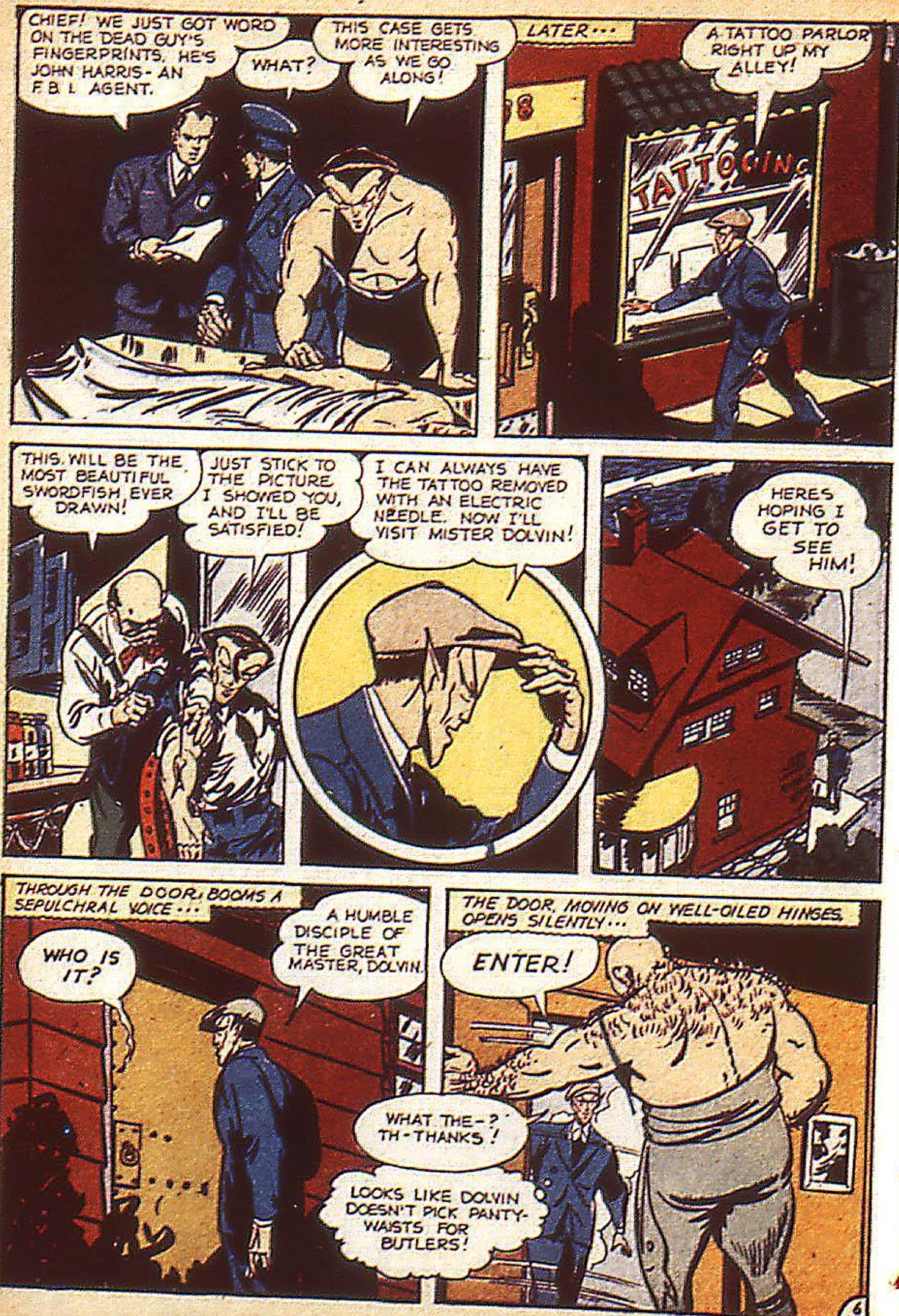

SUB-MARINER
THE DEN OF SERPENTS"

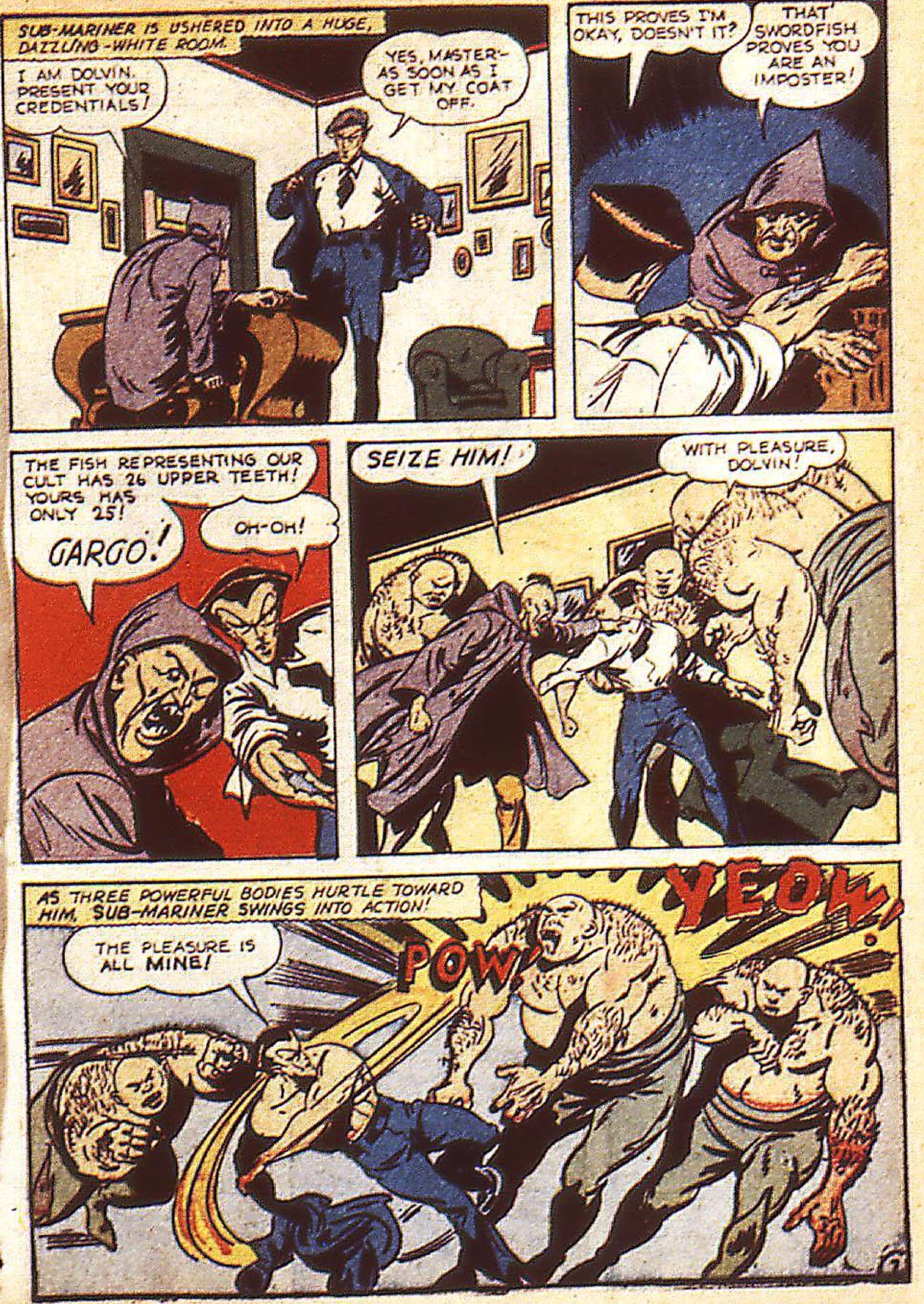

THIS TALE BEGINS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL OHIO TOWN.
I, DOLVIN, WARN YOU! THE OHIO WILL FLOOD AGAIN! THE RIVER GOD IS ANGRY— ANGRY!
THE RIVER GOD WANTS PEACE. THE AXIS WANTS PEACE. BUT THE UNITED STATES WON'T NEGOTIATE! IT DEMANDS UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER. IF THERE WERE PEACE, THE FLOODS WOULD CEASE!
SO, I PREDICT THE NEXT FLOOD WILL STRIKE AT 4:15 P.M. TOMORROW! IT WILL NOT BE SEVERE. BUT TAKE WARNING! THERE WILL BE OTHERS— WORSE FLOODS!
NEXT DAY...
JIM! LOOK! SHE'S RISING!
YEAH— RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, TOO!
EXTRA
FLOOD STRIKES AS DOLVIN PREDICTED!
BIG PROPERTY LOSS
LATER, AS THE WATERS SUBSIDE, WE SEE A FAMILIAR FIGURE PLOWING UPRIVER— SUB-MARINER!
NO ONE CAN TELL ME A GUY CAN PREDICT FLOODS! THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT DOLVIN!
HERE'S HOPING I MEET— HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
HE-L-L-L-P!
2

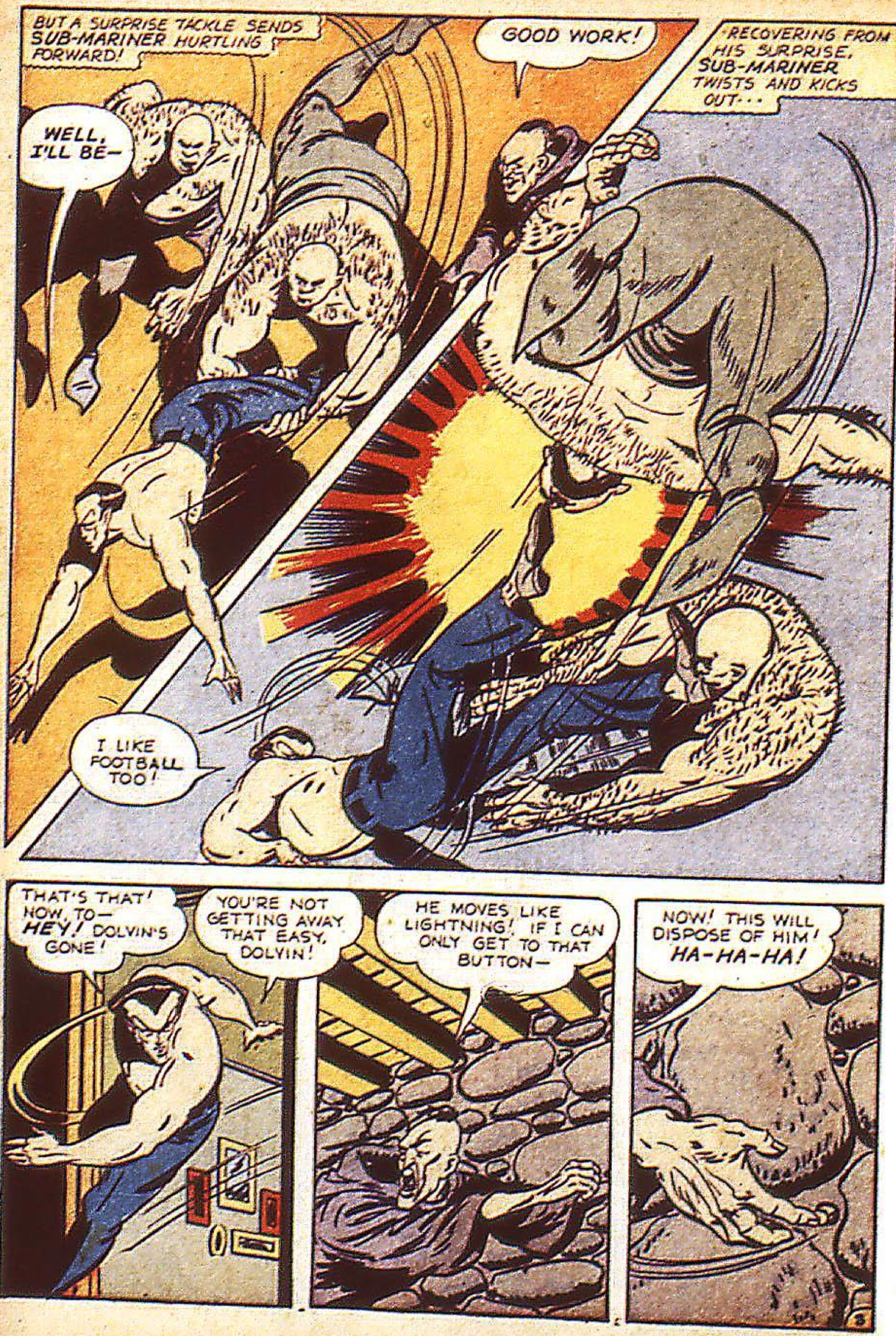

THAT SHRIEK CAME FROM AROUND THE BEND HERE GOES!
HIS MUSCLES COILING LIKE SNAKES, SUB-MARINER CHURNS THE WATER AT HIGH SPEED!
ALMOST THERE— WOW!
A SCENE TERRIBLE ENOUGH TO FREEZE ONE'S BLOOD UNFOLDS BEFORE SUB-MARINER'S EYES
LOOKS LIKE A MONSTROUS SWORDFISH. THAT POOR GUY STUCK ON THE SWORD LOOKS WASHED UP— BUT I'M NOT!
HEARING THE APPROACHING ONRUSH OF SUB-MARINER'S BODY, THE HORROR RIPS ITS SWORD FROM THE MAN'S CHEST!
E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E!
TRYING TO DUCK, EH? I LIKE DIVING, TOO!
3

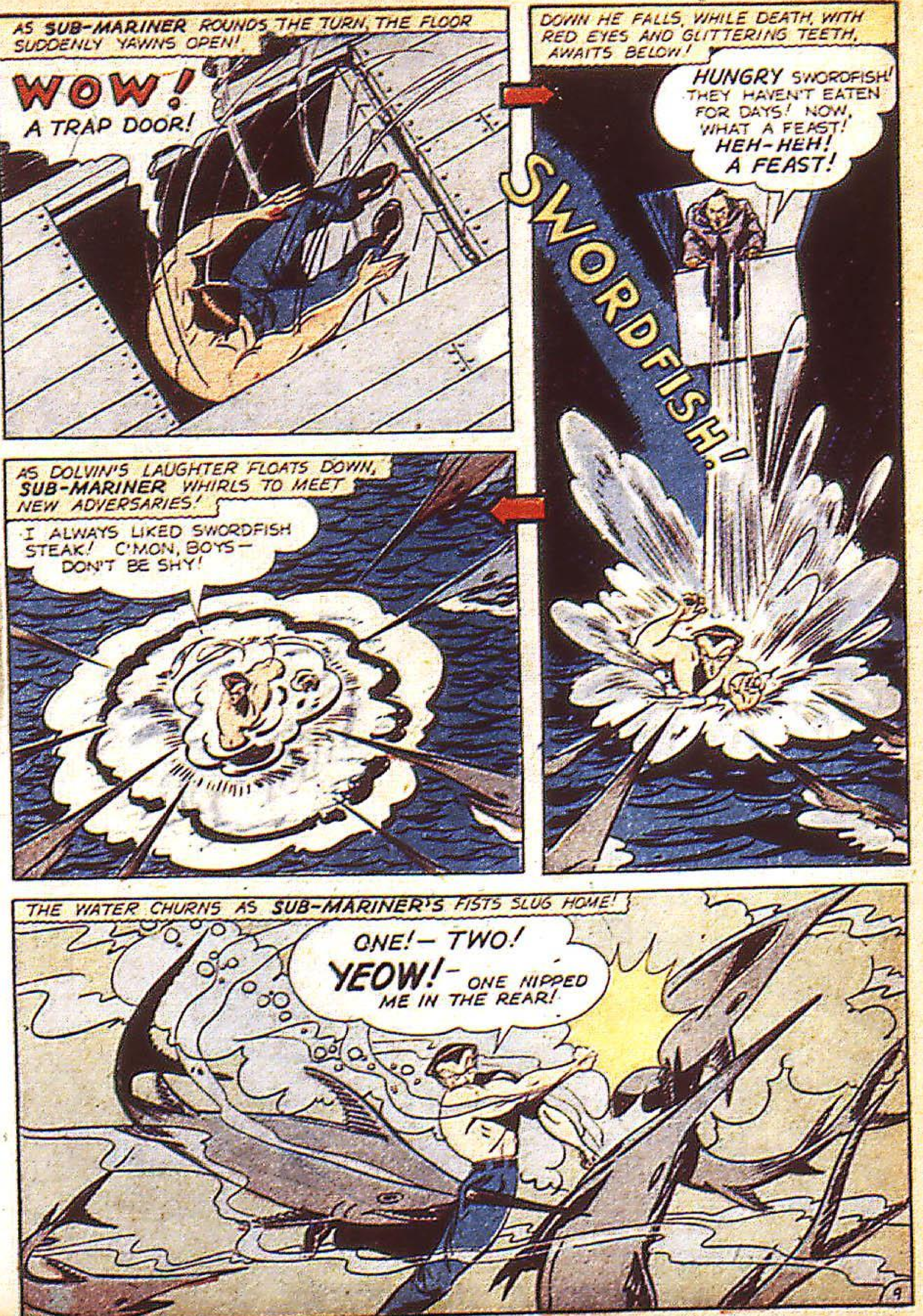

WITH A SPEED GREATER THAN THAT OF THE FASTEST SUBMARINE, SUB-MARINER PLUNGES DOWNWARD.
I'D BETTER WATCH OUT IF IT TURNS ON ME WITH THAT SCHNOZZLE—
BUT THE MONSTER RESORTS TO OTHER TACTICS, CHURNING THE WATER INTO A CLOUD OF MUD!
WOW!
I CAN'T SEE AHEAD OF ME!
WATER'S CLEARING NOW, BUT I DON'T SEE MISTER KNIFE-NOSE!
OUTSMARTED ME! NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT GO UP AND SEE HOW THAT GUY IS WHO GOT RIPPED!
OH-OH! HE'S SINKING!

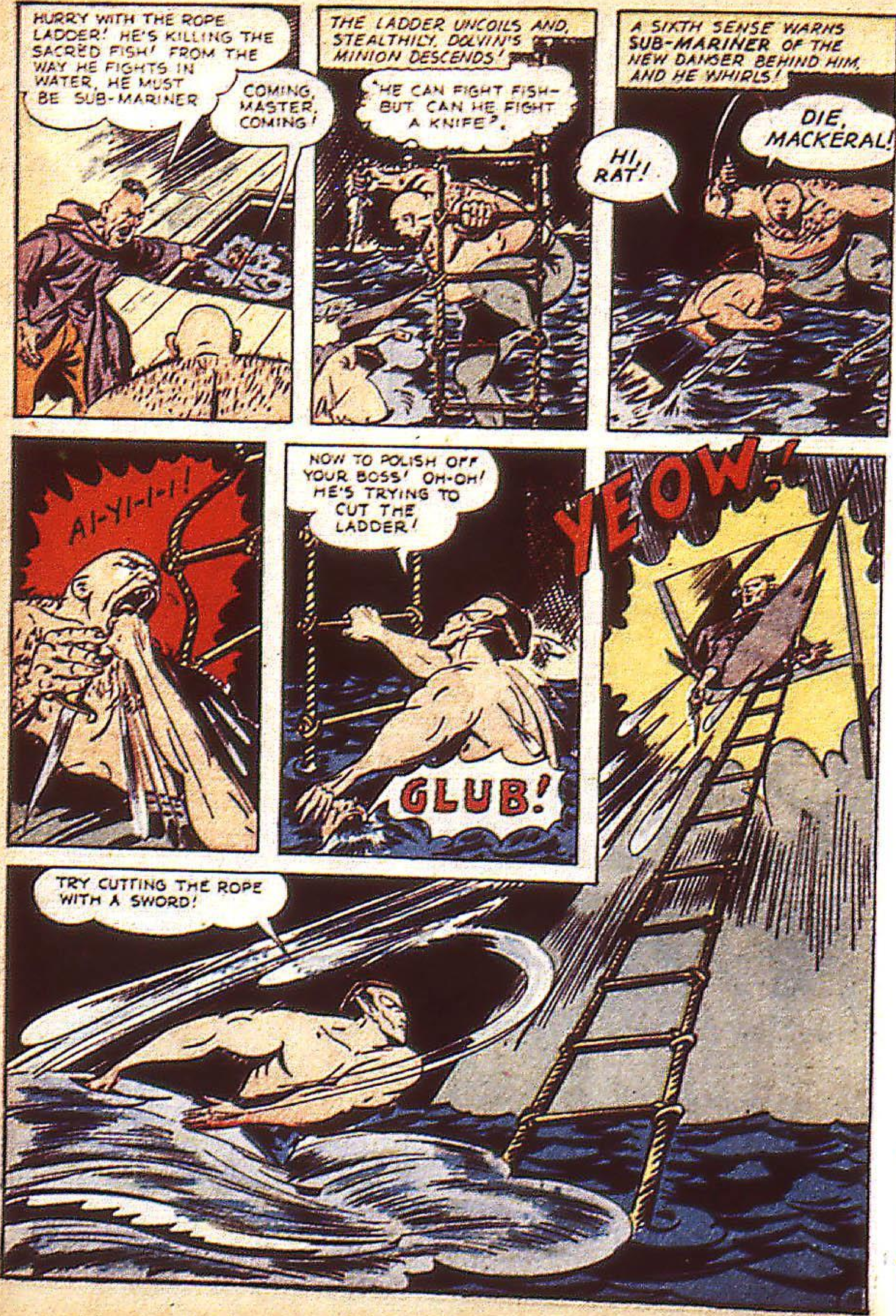

AN IRRESISTIBLE LUNGE, AND SUB-MARINER'S HAND CLOSES OVER THE SHOULDER OF THE SINKING MAN...
GOT HIM! NOW, TO BRING HIM ASHORE!
USING ONE ARM, SUB-MARINER MAKES FOR SHORE WITH A SPEED THAT TOPS JOHNNY WEISSMULLER!
HERE WE ARE! NOW, TO LOOK YOU OVER!
TOUGH! THE POOR GUY'S DEAD! BETTER CALL THE POLICE!
LATER...
SWORDFISH, HUH? SOUNDS SCREWY, BUT THIS AIN'T THE FIRST TIME. C'MON! WE'LL GIVE HIM THE ONCE-OVER AT THE MORGUE!
RIGHT!
POLICE
POLICE
AT THE MORGUE...
THE OHIO RIVER IS NO PLACE FOR SWORDFISH
I AGREE, CHIEF— THERE'S SOMETHING...
CHIEF! COME HERE QUICK!
YOU SAY A SWORDFISH KILLED HIM? MAYBE IT'S A COINCIDENCE - BUT LOOK AT THAT TATTOO ON HIS ARM!

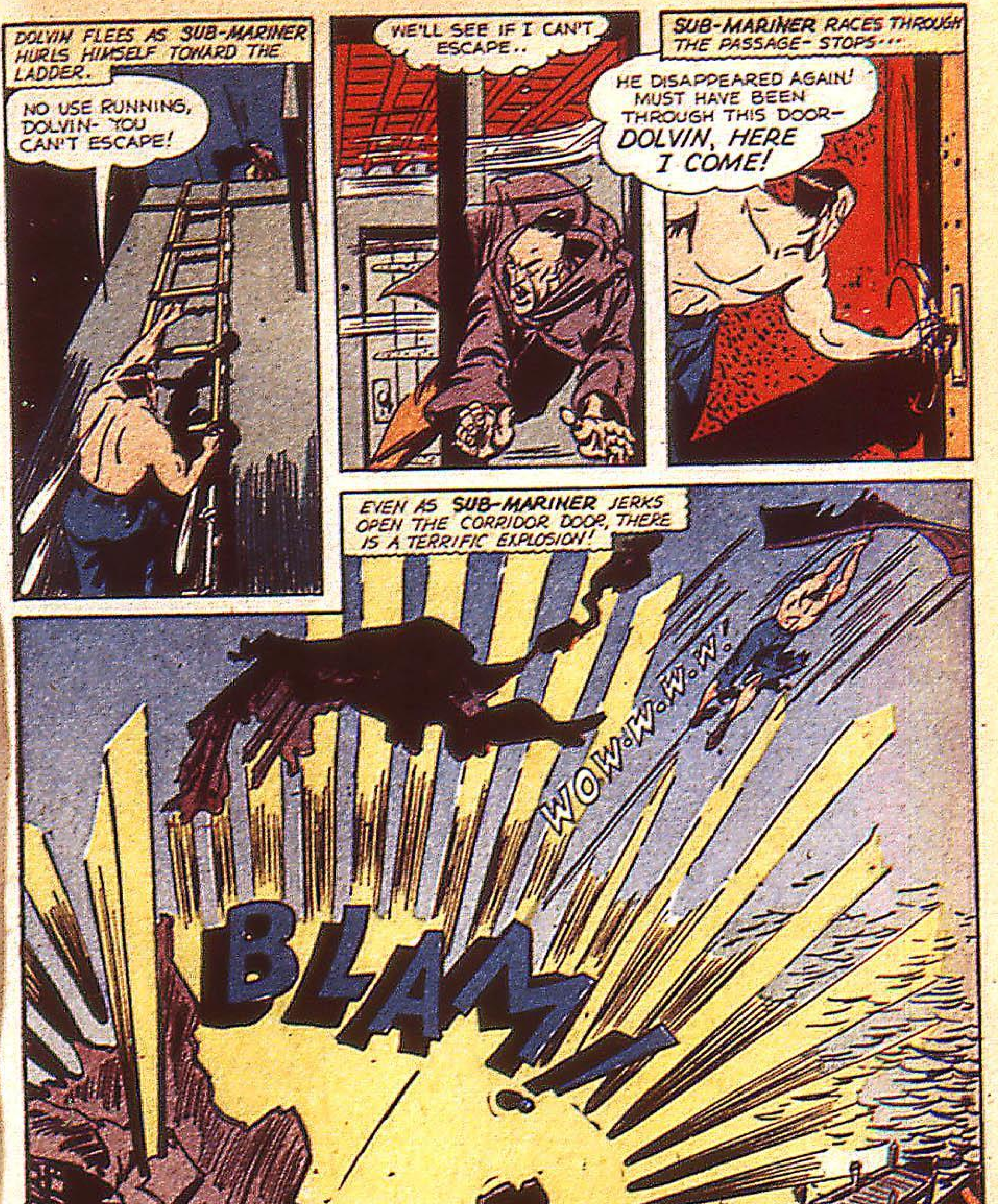

CHIEF! WE JUST GOT WORD ON THE DEAD GUY'S FINGERPRINTS. HE'S JOHN HARRIS- AN F.B.I. AGENT.
WHAT?
THIS CASE GETS MORE INTERESTING AS WE GO ALONG!
LATER...
A TATTOO PARLOR RIGHT UP MY ALLEY!
TATTOOING
THIS WILL BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SWORDFISH EVER DRAWN!
JUST STICK TO THE PICTURE I SHOWED YOU, AND I'LL BE SATISFIED!
I CAN ALWAYS HAVE THE TATTOO REMOVED WITH AN ELECTRIC NEEDLE. NOW I'LL VISIT MISTER DOLVIN!
HERES HOPING I GET TO SEE HIM!
THROUGH THE DOOR, BOOMS A SEPULCHRAL VOICE...
WHO IS IT?
A HUMBLE DISCIPLE OF THE GREAT MASTER, DOLVIN.
THE DOOR, MOVING ON WELL-OILED HINGES, OPENS SILENTLY...
ENTER!
WHAT THE-? TH-THANKS!
LOOKS LIKE DOLVIN DOESN'T PICK PANTY-WAISTS FOR BUTLERS!

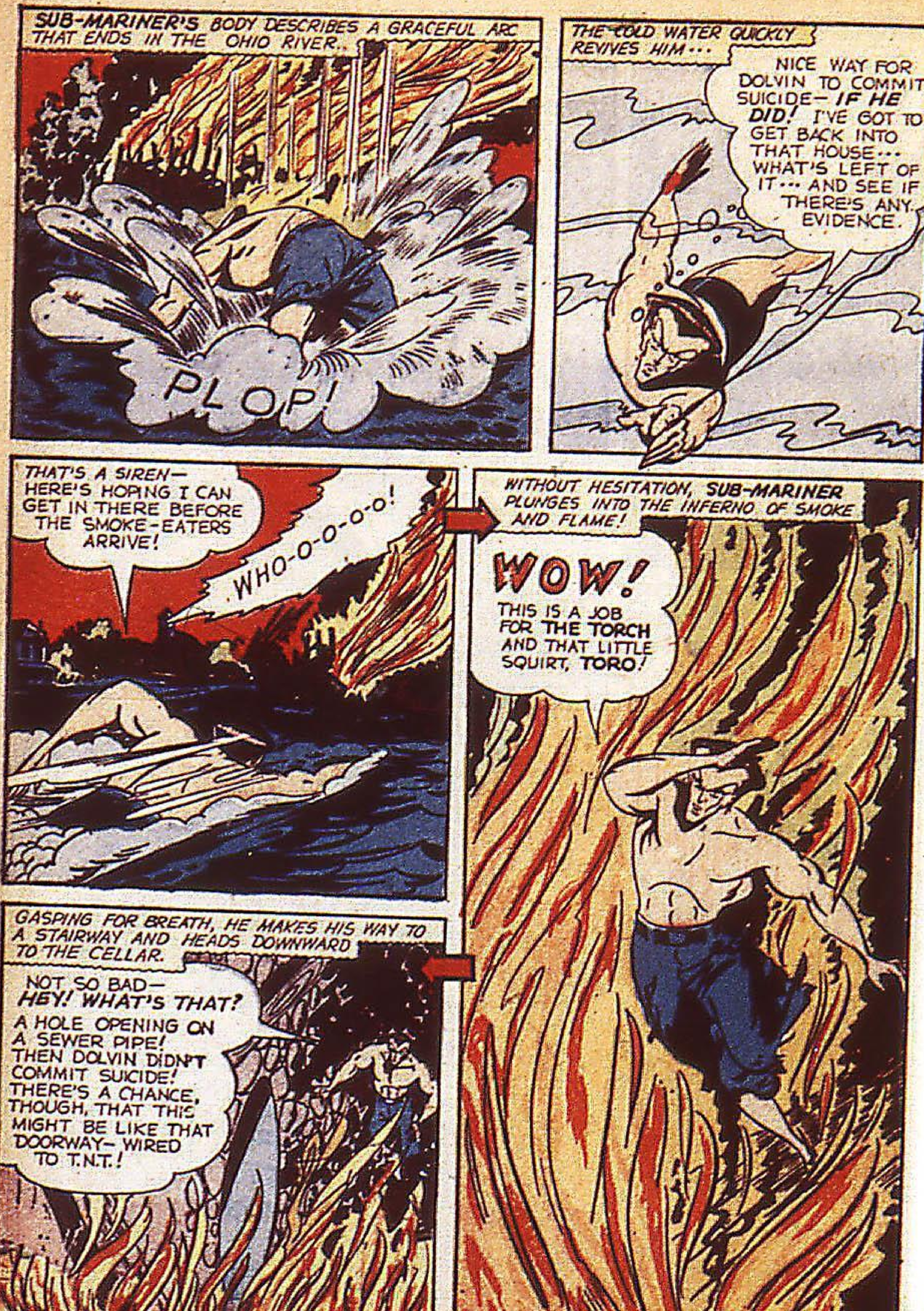

SUB-MARINER IS USHERED INTO A HUGE, DAZZLING-WHITE ROOM.
I AM DOLVIN. PRESENT YOUR CREDENTIALS!
YES, MASTER- AS SOON AS I GET MY COAT OFF.
THIS PROVES I'M OKAY, DOESN'T IT?
THAT SWORDFISH PROVES YOU ARE AN IMPOSTER!
THE FISH REPRESENTING OUR CULT HAS 26 UPPER TEETH! YOURS HAS ONLY 25!
GARGO!
OH-OH!
SEIZE HIM!
WITH PLEASURE, DOLVIN!
AS THREE POWERFUL BODIES HURTLE TOWARD HIM, SUB-MARINER SWINGS INTO ACTION!
THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE!
POW!
YEOW!
7

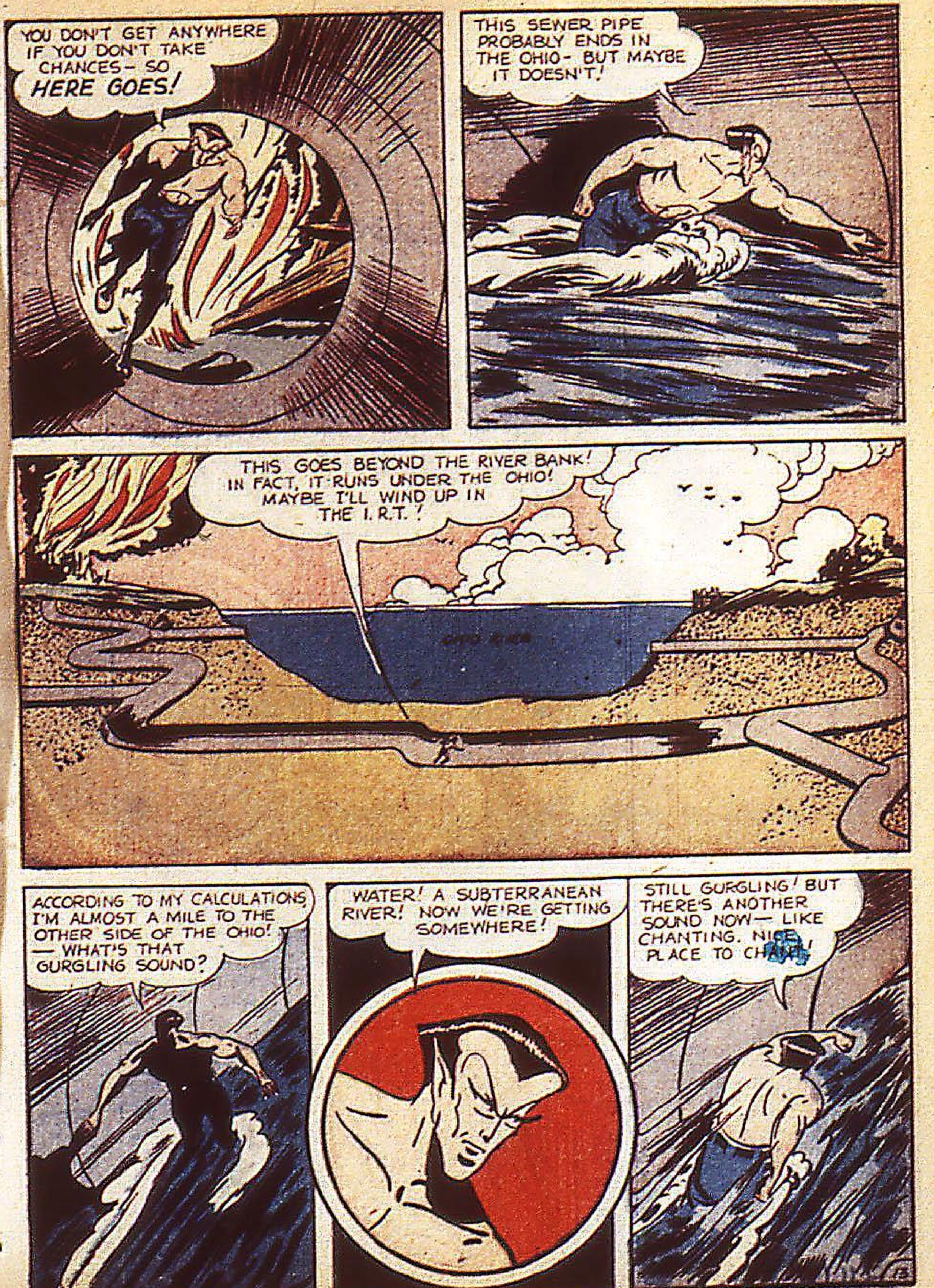

BUT A SURPRISE TACKLE SENDS SUB-MARINER HURTLING FORWARD!
WELL, I'LL BE—
GOOD WORK!
RECOVERING FROM HIS SURPRISE, SUB-MARINER TWISTS AND KICKS OUT...
I LIKE FOOTBALL TOO!
THAT'S THAT! NOW, TO— HEY! DOLVIN'S GONE!
YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY THAT EASY, DOLVIN!
HE MOVES LIKE LIGHTNING! IF I CAN ONLY GET TO THAT BUTTON—
NOW! THIS WILL DISPOSE OF HIM! HA-HA-HA!

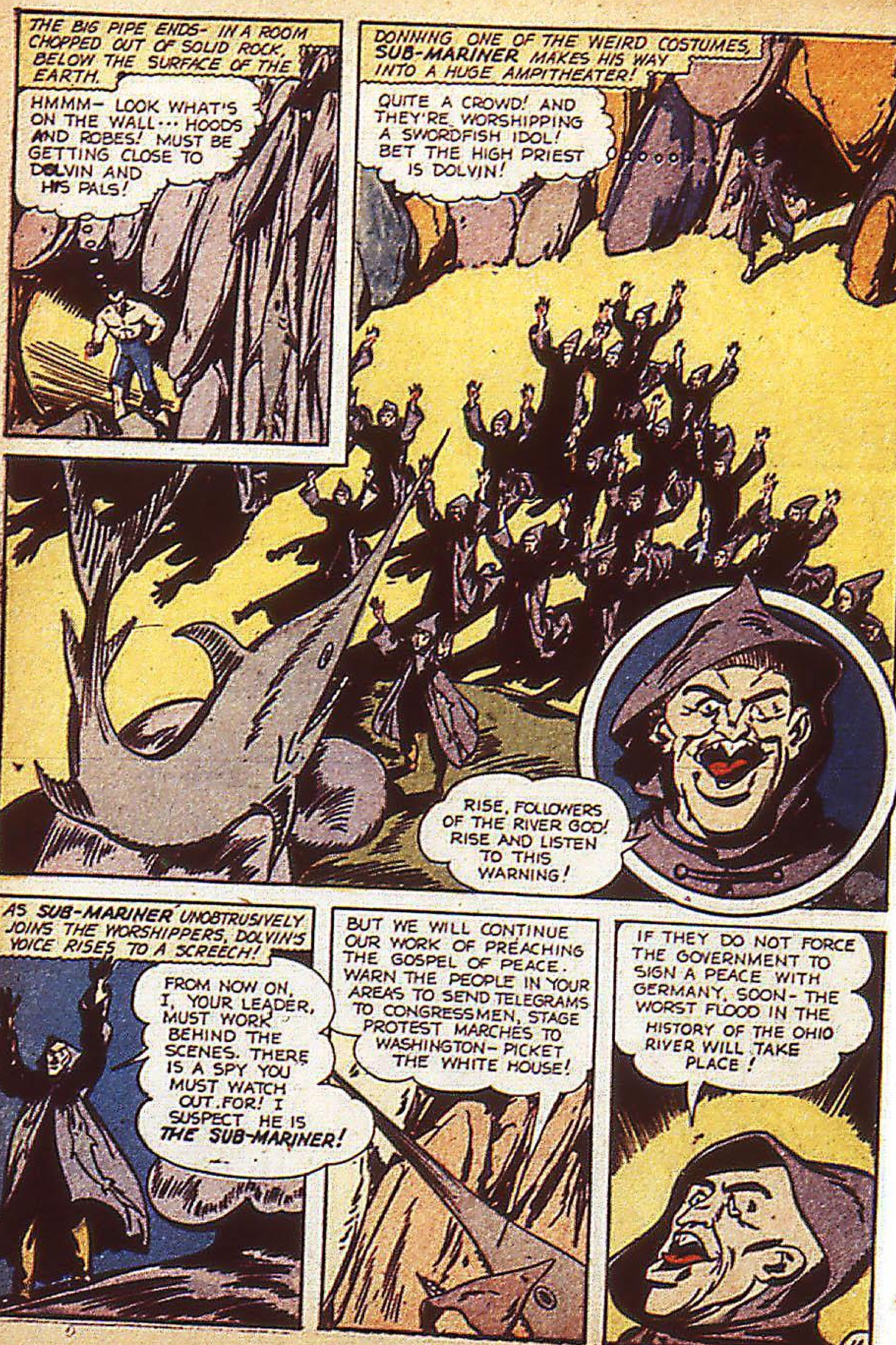

AS SUB-MARINER ROUNDS THE TURN, THE FLOOR SUDDENLY YAWNS OPEN!
WOW! A TRAP DOOR!
DOWN HE FALLS, WHILE DEATH, WITH RED EYES AND GLITTERING TEETH, AWAITS BELOW!
HUNGRY SWORDFISH! THEY HAVEN'T EATEN FOR DAYS! NOW, WHAT A FEAST! HEH-HEH! A FEAST!
SWORDFISH!
AS DOLVIN'S LAUGHTER FLOATS DOWN, SUB-MARINER WHIRLS TO MEET NEW ADVERSARIES!
I ALWAYS LIKED SWORDFISH STEAK! C'MON, BOYS— DON'T BE SHY!
THE WATER CHURNS AS SUB-MARINER'S FISTS SLUG HOME!
ONE!— TWO! YEOW!— ONE NIPPED ME IN THE REAR!

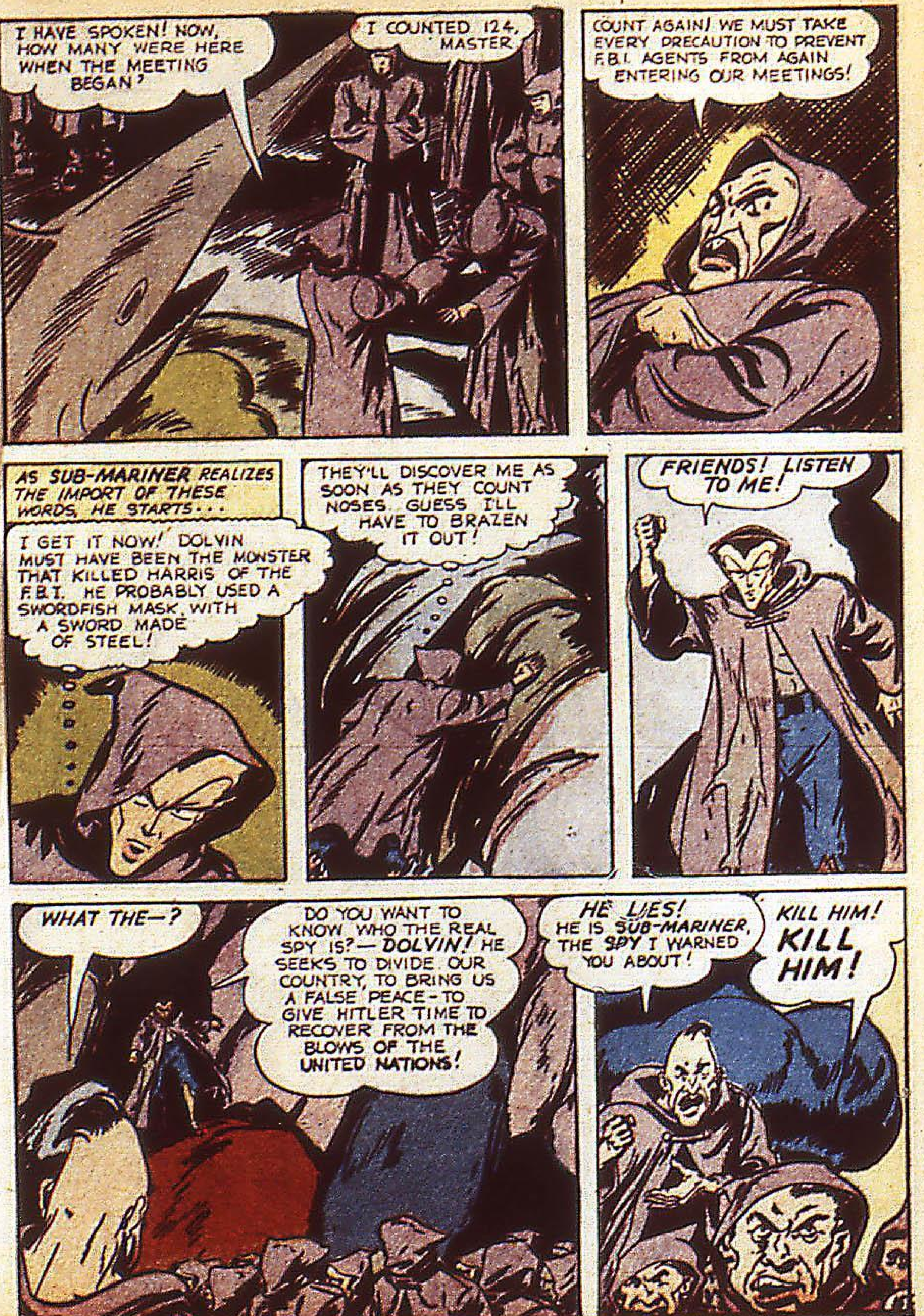

HURRY WITH THE ROPE LADDER! HE'S KILLING THE SACRED FISH! FROM THE WAY HE FIGHTS IN WATER, HE MUST BE SUB-MARINER
COMING, MASTER, COMING!
THE LADDER UNCOILS AND, STEALTHILY, DOLVIN'S MINION DESCENDS!
"HE CAN FIGHT FISH- BUT CAN HE FIGHT A KNIFE?"
A SIXTH SENSE WARNS SUB-MARINER OF THE NEW DANGER BEHIND HIM, AND HE WHIRLS!
HI, RAT!
DIE, MACKERAL!
AI-YI-I-I-I!
NOW TO POLISH OFF YOUR BOSS! OH-OH! HE'S TRYING TO CUT THE LADDER!
GLUB!
YEOW!
TRY CUTTING THE ROPE WITH A SWORD!

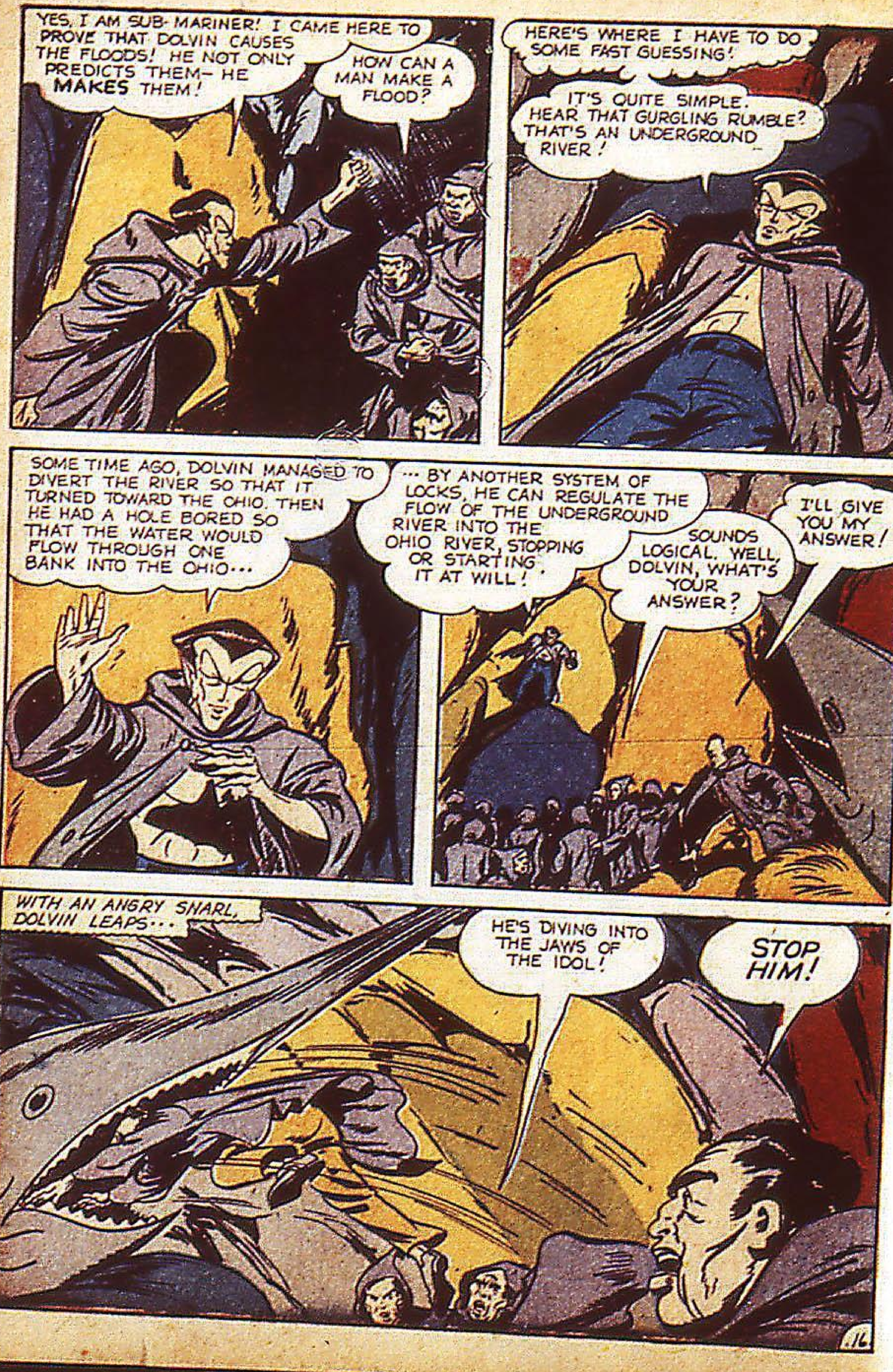

DOLVIN FLEES AS SUB-MARINER HURLS HIMSELF TOWARD THE LADDER.
NO USE RUNNING, DOLVIN- YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!
WE'LL SEE IF I CAN'T ESCAPE..
SUB-MARINER RACES THROUGH THE PASSAGE- STOPS...
HE DISAPPEARED AGAIN! MUST HAVE BEEN THROUGH THIS DOOR- DOLVIN, HERE I COME!
EVEN AS SUB-MARINER JERKS OPEN THE CORRIDOR DOOR, THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!
WOW-W-W-W!
BLAM!

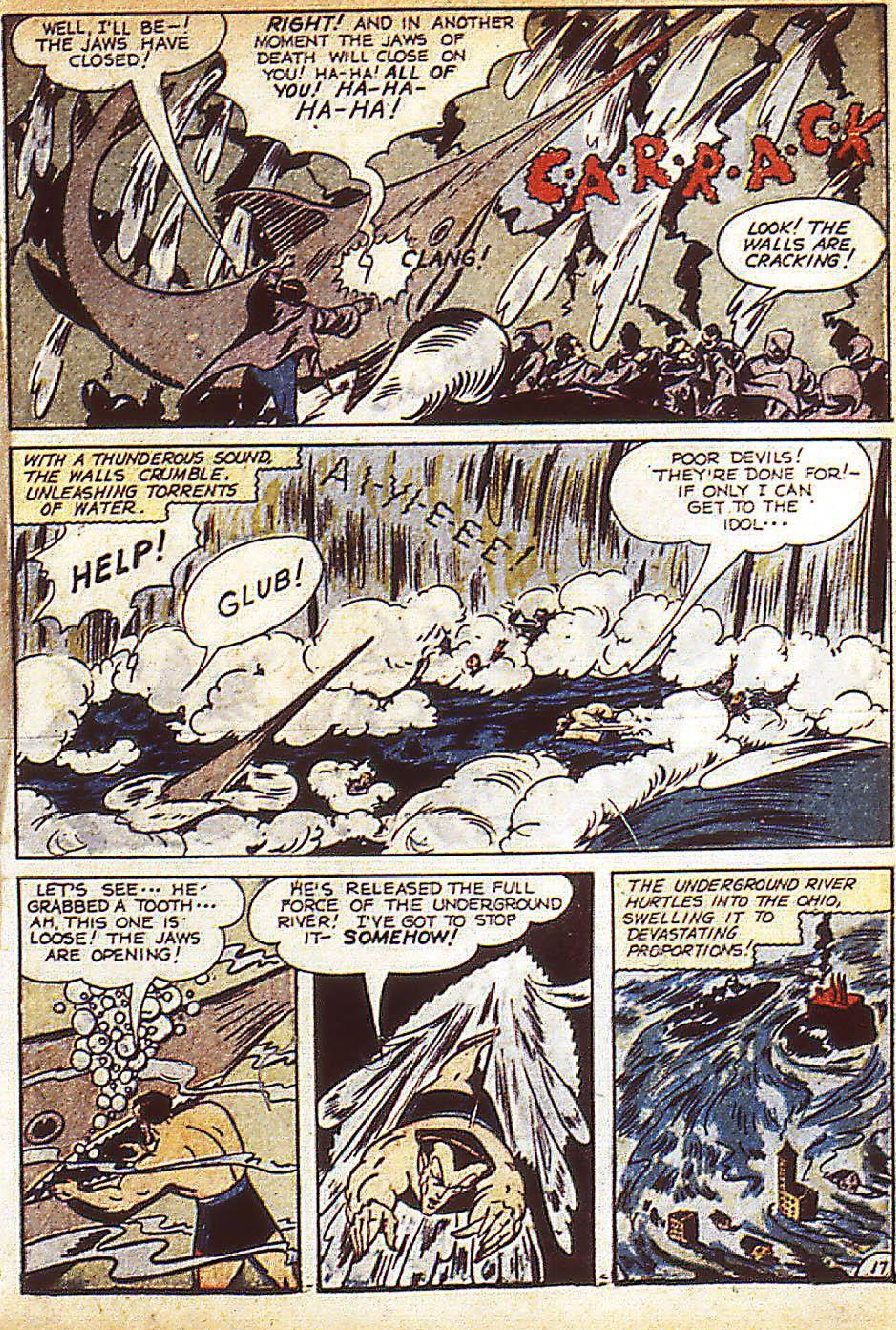

SUB-MARINER'S BODY DESCRIBES A GRACEFUL ARC THAT ENDS IN THE OHIO RIVER.
PLOP!
THE COLD WATER QUICKLY REVIVES HIM...
NICE WAY FOR DOLVIN TO COMMIT SUICIDE— IF HE DID! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK INTO THAT HOUSE... WHAT'S LEFT OF IT... AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY EVIDENCE.
THAT'S A SIREN— HERE'S HOPING I CAN GET IN THERE BEFORE THE SMOKE-EATERS ARRIVE!
WHO-O-O-O-O-O!
WITHOUT HESITATION, SUB-MARINER PLUNGES INTO THE INFERNO OF SMOKE AND FLAME!
WOW! THIS IS A JOB FOR THE TORCH AND THAT LITTLE SQUIRT, TORO!
GASPING FOR BREATH, HE MAKES HIS WAY TO A STAIRWAY AND HEADS DOWNWARD TO THE CELLAR.
NOT SO BAD— HEY! WHAT'S THAT? A HOLE OPENING ON A SEWER PIPE! THEN DOLVIN DIDN'T COMMIT SUICIDE! THERE'S A CHANCE, THOUGH, THAT THIS MIGHT BE LIKE THAT DOORWAY— WIRED TO T.N.T.!

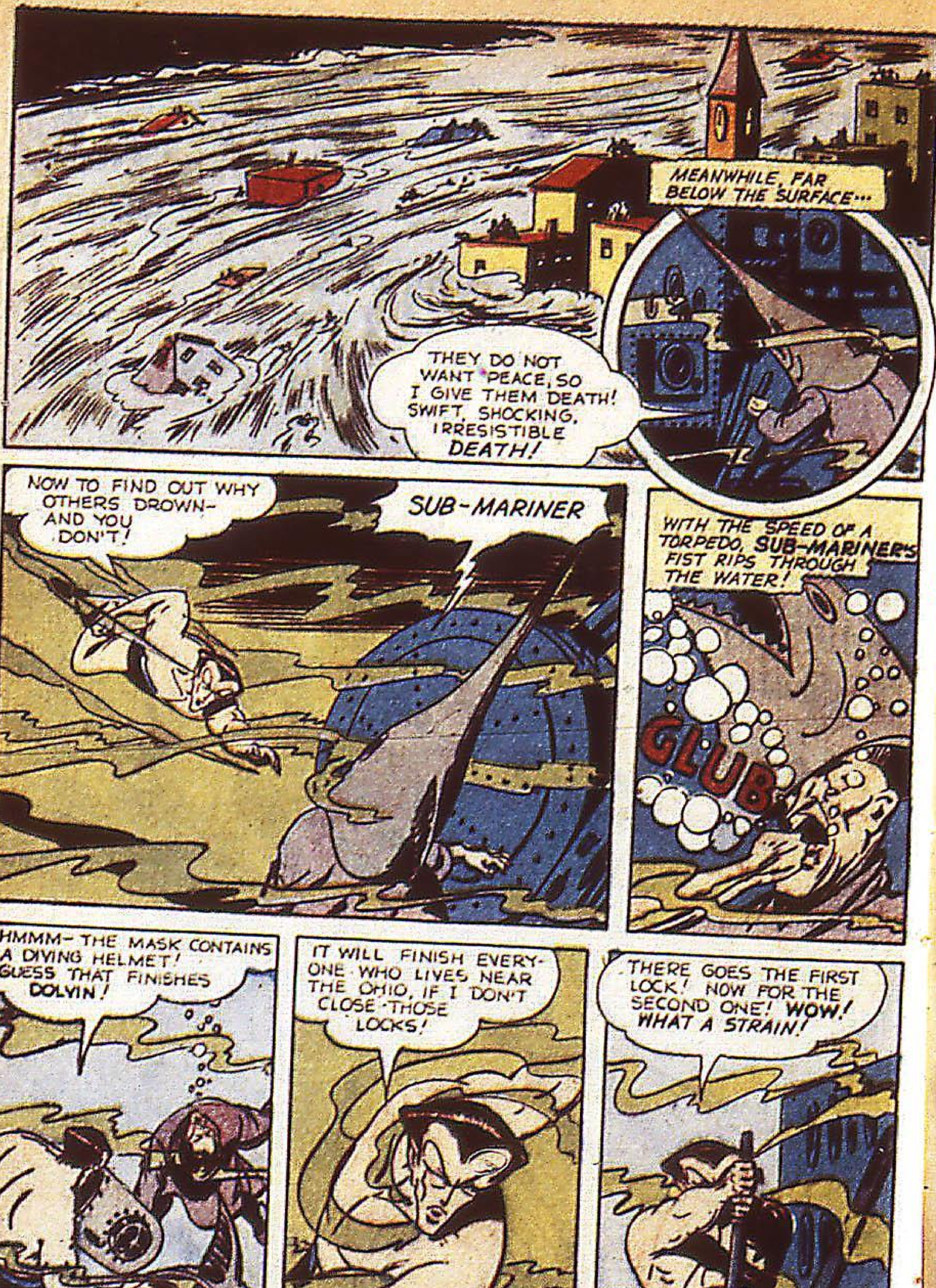

YOU DON'T GET ANYWHERE IF YOU DON'T TAKE CHANCES— SO *HERE GOES!*
THIS SEWER PIPE PROBABLY ENDS IN THE OHIO- BUT MAYBE IT DOESN'T!
THIS GOES BEYOND THE RIVER BANK! IN FACT, IT RUNS UNDER THE OHIO! MAYBE I'LL WIND UP IN THE I.R.T.!
ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS I'M ALMOST A MILE TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OHIO! — WHAT'S THAT GURGLING SOUND?
WATER! A SUBTERRANEAN RIVER! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!
STILL GURGLING! BUT THERE'S ANOTHER SOUND NOW— LIKE CHANTING. NICE PLACE TO CHANT!

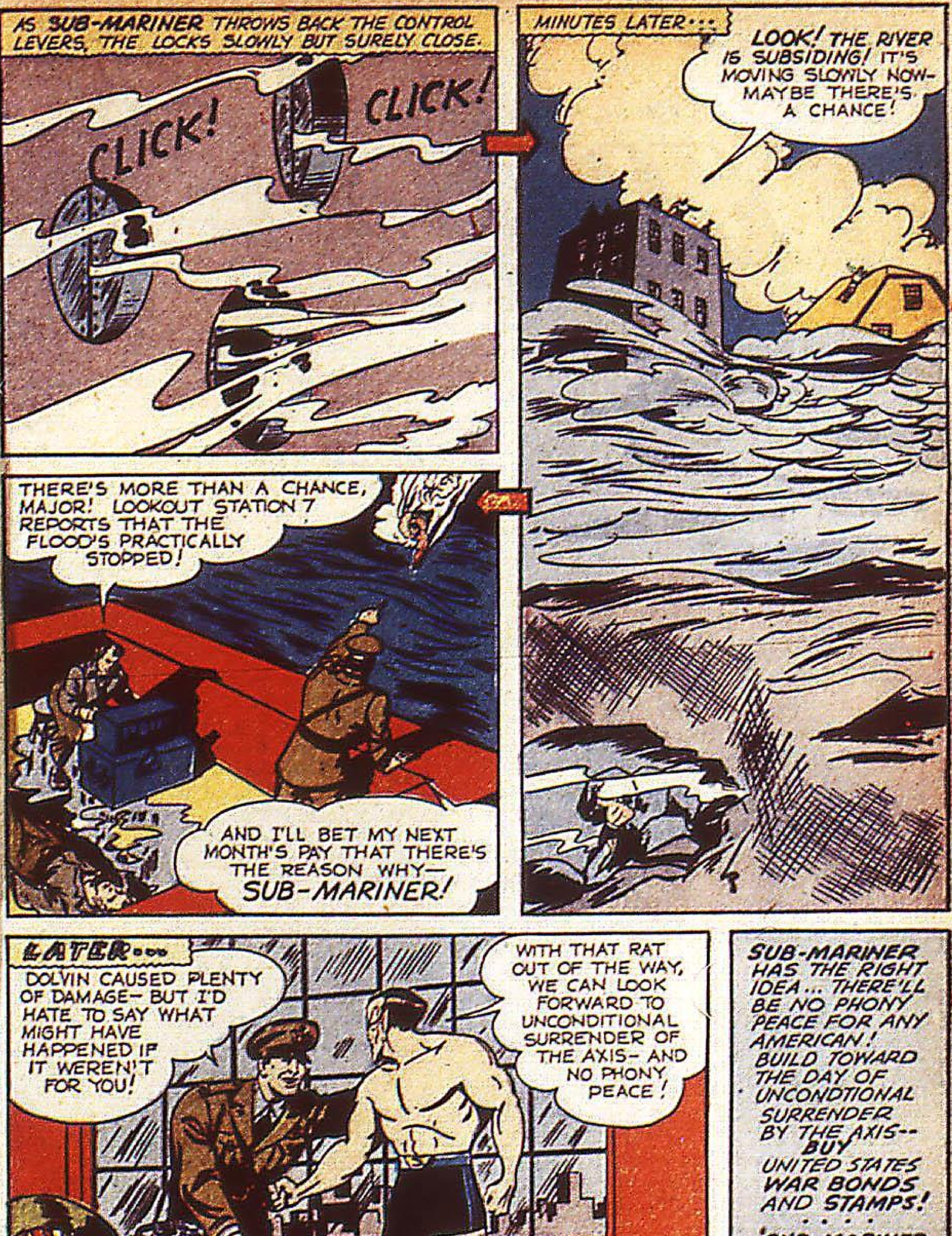

THE BIG PIPE ENDS- IN A ROOM CHOPPED OUT OF SOLID ROCK, BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH.
HMMM- LOOK WHAT'S ON THE WALL... HOODS AND ROBES! MUST BE GETTING CLOSE TO DOLVIN AND HIS PALS!
DONNING ONE OF THE WEIRD COSTUMES, SUB-MARINER MAKES HIS WAY INTO A HUGE AMPITHEATER!
QUITE A CROWD! AND THEY'RE WORSHIPPING A SWORDFISH IDOL! BET THE HIGH PRIEST IS DOLVIN!
RISE, FOLLOWERS OF THE RIVER GOD! RISE AND LISTEN TO THIS WARNING!
AS SUB-MARINER UNOBTRUSIVELY JOINS THE WORSHIPPERS, DOLVIN'S VOICE RISES TO A SCREECH!
FROM NOW ON, I, YOUR LEADER, MUST WORK BEHIND THE SCENES. THERE IS A SPY YOU MUST WATCH OUT FOR! I SUSPECT HE IS THE SUB-MARINER!
BUT WE WILL CONTINUE OUR WORK OF PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF PEACE. WARN THE PEOPLE IN YOUR AREAS TO SEND TELEGRAMS TO CONGRESSMEN, STAGE PROTEST MARCHES TO WASHINGTON- PICKET THE WHITE HOUSE!
IF THEY DO NOT FORCE THE GOVERNMENT TO SIGN A PEACE WITH GERMANY, SOON- THE WORST FLOOD IN THE HISTORY OF THE OHIO RIVER WILL TAKE PLACE!


I HAVE SPOKEN! NOW, HOW MANY WERE HERE WHEN THE MEETING BEGAN?
I COUNTED 124, MASTER.
COUNT AGAIN! WE MUST TAKE EVERY PRECAUTION TO PREVENT F.B.I. AGENTS FROM AGAIN ENTERING OUR MEETINGS!
AS SUB-MARINER REALIZES THE IMPORT OF THESE WORDS, HE STARTS...
I GET IT NOW! DOLVIN MUST HAVE BEEN THE MONSTER THAT KILLED HARRIS OF THE F.B.I. HE PROBABLY USED A SWORDFISH MASK, WITH A SWORD MADE OF STEEL!
THEY'LL DISCOVER ME AS SOON AS THEY COUNT NOSES. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BRAZEN IT OUT!
FRIENDS! LISTEN TO ME!
WHAT THE—?
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO THE REAL SPY IS?—DOLVIN! HE SEEKS TO DIVIDE OUR COUNTRY, TO BRING US A FALSE PEACE—TO GIVE HITLER TIME TO RECOVER FROM THE BLOWS OF THE UNITED NATIONS!
HE LIES! HE IS SUB-MARINER, THE SPY I WARNED YOU ABOUT!
KILL HIM! KILL HIM!


YES, I AM SUB-MARINER! I CAME HERE TO PROVE THAT DOLVIN CAUSES THE FLOODS! HE NOT ONLY PREDICTS THEM– HE MAKES THEM!
HOW CAN A MAN MAKE A FLOOD?
HERE'S WHERE I HAVE TO DO SOME FAST GUESSING!
IT'S QUITE SIMPLE. HEAR THAT GURGLING RUMBLE? THAT'S AN UNDERGROUND RIVER!
SOME TIME AGO, DOLVIN MANAGED TO DIVERT THE RIVER SO THAT IT TURNED TOWARD THE OHIO. THEN HE HAD A HOLE BORED SO THAT THE WATER WOULD FLOW THROUGH ONE BANK INTO THE OHIO...
... BY ANOTHER SYSTEM OF LOCKS, HE CAN REGULATE THE FLOW OF THE UNDERGROUND RIVER INTO THE OHIO RIVER, STOPPING OR STARTING IT AT WILL!
SOUNDS LOGICAL. WELL, DOLVIN, WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER?
I'LL GIVE YOU MY ANSWER!
WITH AN ANGRY SNARL, DOLVIN LEAPS...
HE'S DIVING INTO THE JAWS OF THE IDOL!
STOP HIM!


WELL, I'LL BE--! THE JAWS HAVE CLOSED!
RIGHT! AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE JAWS OF DEATH WILL CLOSE ON YOU! HA-HA! ALL OF YOU! HA-HA-HA-HA!
CLANG!
C-A-R-R-A-C-K
LOOK! THE WALLS ARE CRACKING!
WITH A THUNDEROUS SOUND, THE WALLS CRUMBLE, UNLEASHING TORRENTS OF WATER.
AI-YEEE!
POOR DEVILS! THEY'RE DONE FOR!-- IF ONLY I CAN GET TO THE IDOL...
HELP!
GLUB!
LET'S SEE... HE GRABBED A TOOTH... AH, THIS ONE IS LOOSE! THE JAWS ARE OPENING!
HE'S RELEASED THE FULL FORCE OF THE UNDERGROUND RIVER! I'VE GOT TO STOP IT-- SOMEHOW!
THE UNDERGROUND RIVER HURTLES INTO THE OHIO, SWELLING IT TO DEVASTATING PROPORTIONS!


MEANWHILE, FAR BELOW THE SURFACE...
THEY DO NOT WANT PEACE, SO I GIVE THEM DEATH! SWIFT, SHOCKING, IRRESISTIBLE DEATH!
NOW TO FIND OUT WHY OTHERS DROWN-AND YOU DON'T!
SUB-MARINER
WITH THE SPEED OF A TORPEDO, SUB-MARINER'S FIST RIPS THROUGH THE WATER!
GLUB
HMMM- THE MASK CONTAINS A DIVING HELMET! GUESS THAT FINISHES DOLVIN!
IT WILL FINISH EVERY-ONE WHO LIVES NEAR THE OHIO, IF I DON'T CLOSE THOSE LOCKS!
THERE GOES THE FIRST LOCK! NOW FOR THE SECOND ONE! WOW! WHAT A STRAIN!


AS SUB-MARINER THROWS BACK THE CONTROL LEVERS, THE LOCKS SLOWLY BUT SURELY CLOSE.
CLICK!
CLICK!
MINUTES LATER...
LOOK! THE RIVER IS SUBSIDING! IT'S MOVING SLOWLY NOW- MAYBE THERE'S A CHANCE!
THERE'S MORE THAN A CHANCE, MAJOR! LOOKOUT STATION 7 REPORTS THAT THE FLOOD'S PRACTICALLY STOPPED!
AND I'LL BET MY NEXT MONTH'S PAY THAT THERE'S THE REASON WHY— SUB-MARINER!
LATER...
DOLVIN CAUSED PLENTY OF DAMAGE- BUT I'D HATE TO SAY WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU!
WITH THAT RAT OUT OF THE WAY, WE CAN LOOK FORWARD TO UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER OF THE AXIS- AND NO PHONY PEACE!
SUB-MARINER HAS THE RIGHT IDEA... THERE'LL BE NO PHONY PEACE FOR ANY AMERICAN! BUILD TOWARD THE DAY OF UNCONDTIONAL SURRENDER BY THE AXIS-- BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!
SUB-MARINER WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF HIS OWN BOOK!

HIS BEST FRIEND

IT WOULD be, Cleve told himself with satisfaction, the perfect crime.

"If I muff this," Cleve informed Skat, the shaggy shepherd dog, "I ought to have my head examined. Skat, old man, we're about to make our fortune!"

Which probably meant next to nothing to Skat. He gave no indication other than to wag an appreciative tail over the fact that Cleve was talking to him. Skat was always like that. Skat liked Cleve. which isn't to be held against him. Otherwise, Skat was smart.

Cleve picked up a broom. Outside in the wind-swept street there were no people to be seen. Cleve plied his broom, turned at the sound of Pop Andrew's approaching footsteps.

"Business slack again," Pop announced, looking past the big bulk of Cleve's body and out the window.

Cleve nodded, sweeping a little pile of dust, cigarette butts and match cases to one side. "Yep. Folks all home eating. Y'may as well take your snooze."

"Suppose so," Pop admitted, his friendly old face softened with a smile. "People aren't buying much any more—"

"Nothing much to buy," Cleve interrupted with a chuckle. "How can they? At the rate this war's going—"

Pop Andrew turned away, toddling slowly back along the counter, one seamed old hand resting on the gnarled surface as if he loved its touch. Cleve watched him cautiously. Shucks, the old guy had been living here all his life. Living here and running this store.

Cleve waited patiently for the old man to get settled. After he was well asleep, Cleve would get going. It was only a little way to the big two-story house where Pop Andrew lived alone, where he had the accumulated savings of years secreted beneath the hearth-stone of the old fireplace.

Cleve opened the back door with the key he'd rigged up. These old locks wouldn't keep out anyone with any brains. Cleve slid through darkness to the living-room. He squatted down before the fireplace. There was no sound. Skat nosed about, came to sit at the edge of the circle of light from the flash, as Cleve raised the stone and dug into the cache. It made him catch his breath for a second. Why, there was more here than he'd even expected. There was a small fortune. . . .

Cleve darted back through the night to the rear of the store, let himself cautiously in. He closed the door, poked his head into the back room and saw, with a feeling of satisfaction, that the old man was still sound asleep. He'd stay so until Cleve woke him. . . .

"Imagine me playing nursemaid to that old coot," Cleve marveled. "But, he's paying me well. Very well!"

CLEVE didn't sleep well that night. Even Skat seemed to be troubled, for Cleve heard him padding about the little cottage all night.

There was a feeling of tension within him as Cleve walked to the store and unlocked it. Any time now the lid would blow off the works. Evidently the old man hadn't discovered the theft last night, or Cleve would have heard about it. But now . . . any time. . . .

Cleve was sweeping up when he saw Pop Andrew hurrying along the road, hatless, his white hair plastered to his head in the slow fall of rain, his face even at a distance showing lined and pinched. He came panting into the store and caught at the end of the glass case as he paused.

"Cleve!" he croaked. "Cleve—it—it's gone. My . . . my money . . . everything—"

Cleve tried to register genuine alarm. "You must have misplaced it," he insisted, taking hold of the old man's arm and leading him to a chair near the pot-bellied stove. "Here, rest a minute. We'll, go back and be sure—"

"I am sure! Sure!" the old man moaned.

"I'll call the sheriff," Cleve said briskly, hurrying to the 'phone hanging against the back wall. "You must be wrong. It'll turn up . . . somewhere!"

And it would, too, Cleve knew, but the turning-up point would be a long way from here. It was, Cleve told himself, pathetic. He should have been moved. Deeply moved. In a sense, he was.

Sheriff Pringle—he was called Pringy by his friends—hurried in, with his mild blue eyes popping, his handle-bar whiskers still tinted with his morning eggs.

"You come back with me, Pop," Pringy told the old man. "Must be some mistake—"

But there wasn't any mistake, and after a few hours things began to look serious. Cleve had to chuckle to himself. For the first time in years business was good. But about all anyone wanted was the latest developments. Yes, Cleve had to take his hat off to himself. After all, Pop was old, about done for. Someone ought to benefit by his years of saving.

THE LOCAL yokels were making the most of it. Nothing of the kind had ever happened before. Glendale had been a sleepy little village carefully hiding in the hills. Crime and the war were things far removed. Now everyone was on edge, seething with rage and yearning to get their hands on the "dastardly criminal" who had dared break their carefully guarded record.

Cleve wondered how long it would last, how long he could safely hang around. He told Pop Andrew one evening: "I may be moving out before long. Gonna get a job in defense. Charlie Skinner's looking for something to do. He was saying the other day that he'd half intended asking you if you could use him in the store. After what's just happened—"

"Charlie Skinner?" Pop Andrew echoed. "The store? Cleve . . . I'm done for. I haven't a penny. People aren't buying any more. I can't live on . . . nothing!"

Cleve shrugged. "It's tough," he agreed. "Most I ever got done out of was a fiver. And I lost that through a hole in my pocket. Must be tough to have everything go like this!"

Tonight Cleve locked up extra early. Pop Andrew's long habit of sleeping evenings was broken now. He was away with the sheriff. People had gone back to their regular eating time and and Cleve saw no use in staying open. He locked up and, with Skat close at his heels, sloshed home through the night and the rain. Cooking and eating supper later, he found his thoughts far away, where there was sunshine and warmth and something to do. With this money in his pockets he would find plenty to do. Maybe he'd go south first. . . .

Skat woofed and a moment later someone knocked. Cleve got up and went to the door. Rain and wind drove the shrouded figures of the sheriff and Pop Andrew into the little hall. Lem Rainer and Charlie Skinner were along. Cleve felt his pulse quicken a little, but he greeted them with a grin.

"Get your duds off," he invited. "I'll put a pot of coffee together—"

"Never mind," Pringy interrupted, his voice gruff and businesslike. "We're here on business, Cleve!"

Cleve gathered himself. What was this? A bluff? It must be. He hadn't slipped anywhere. Hadn't left a single clue!

Pringy said, "Well, Cleve, we've got nothing on you." He hesitated and his now hard blue eyes shifted to Skat sitting beside the stove. Pringy announced, "I've got a warrant of arrest here, Cleve. I'm arresting Skat. For the theft of Pop Andrew's money!"

FOR a moment there was deep silence. Cleve shook his head slowly, trying to clear his senses. What was this? A gag? Skat . . . a warrant for his arrest. . . .

"You're nuts!" Cleve growled. "The whole kaboodle of you—"

"Here's the warrant, Cleve," Pringy said. "Okay, man. Do your duty—"

Lem Rainer stepped forward. He took a stout chain-leash from his pocket—

With a roar Cleve went into action. He drove at Lem Rainer with a snarl of anger, heavy fists plunging. Lem lurched aside, stumbled over Skat, who emitted a howl of anguish. The sound spurred Cleve and he whirled. . . .

Charlie Skinner cowered in front of him. Before Cleve had a chance to think, Charlie's ham-like fist loomed before Cleve's eyes, exploded with an array of amazing lights, followed by a total black-out.

CLEVE opened his eyes. It took a minute or two to pull himself together. He saw that they had Skat chained. . . .

Cleve moved swollen lips painfully. "Skat's . . . innocent."

Pringy said, "I'll do my blamedest to prove he's guilty."

Cleve babbled, "Leave Skat alone! I did it! I'll take the rap!"

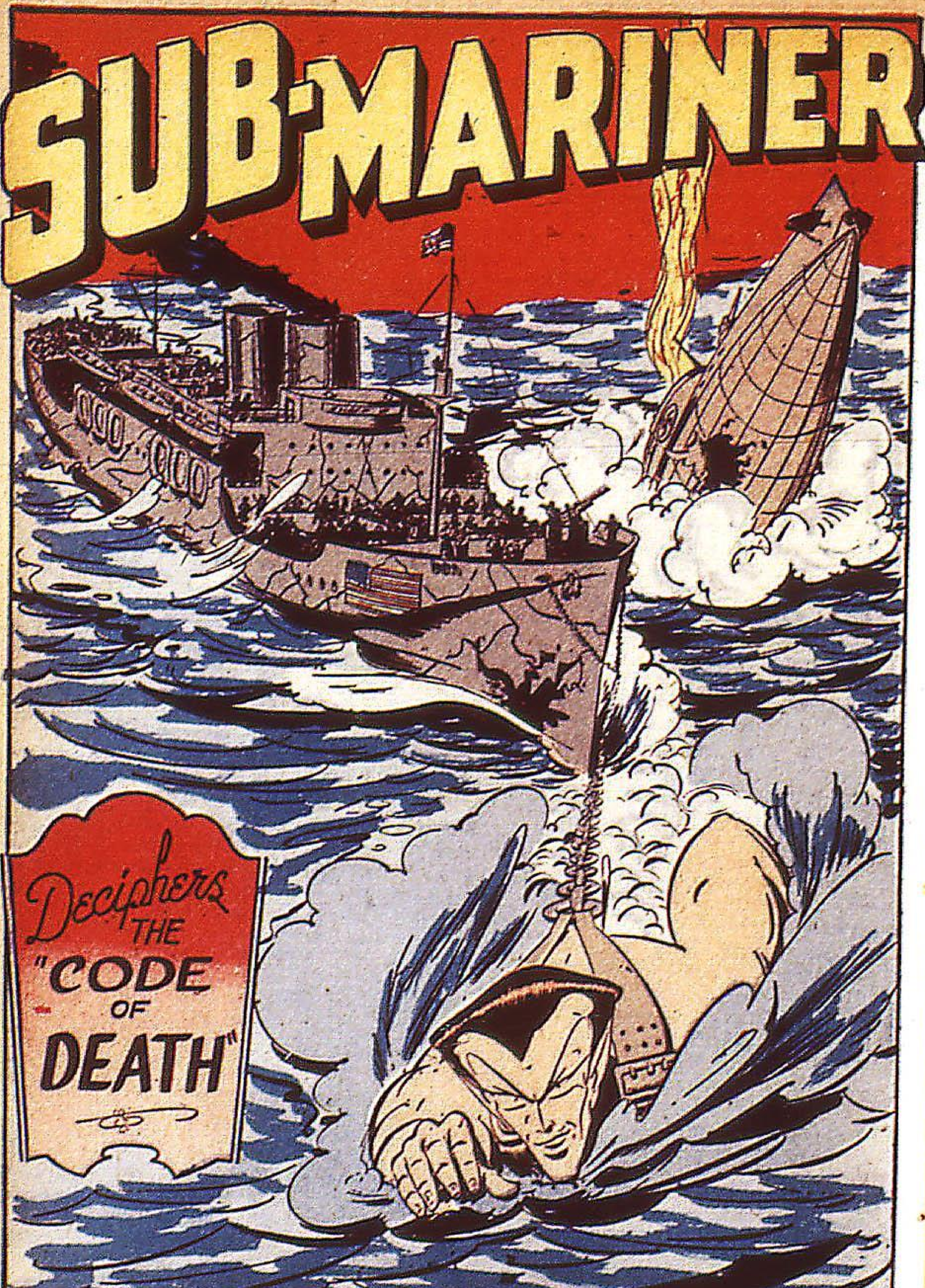
Cleve dropped into the rocker and Skat came over to him, wagging his tail. Cleve sat there, patting his friend. "I still don't get it," he complained. "Why you picked on Skat—"

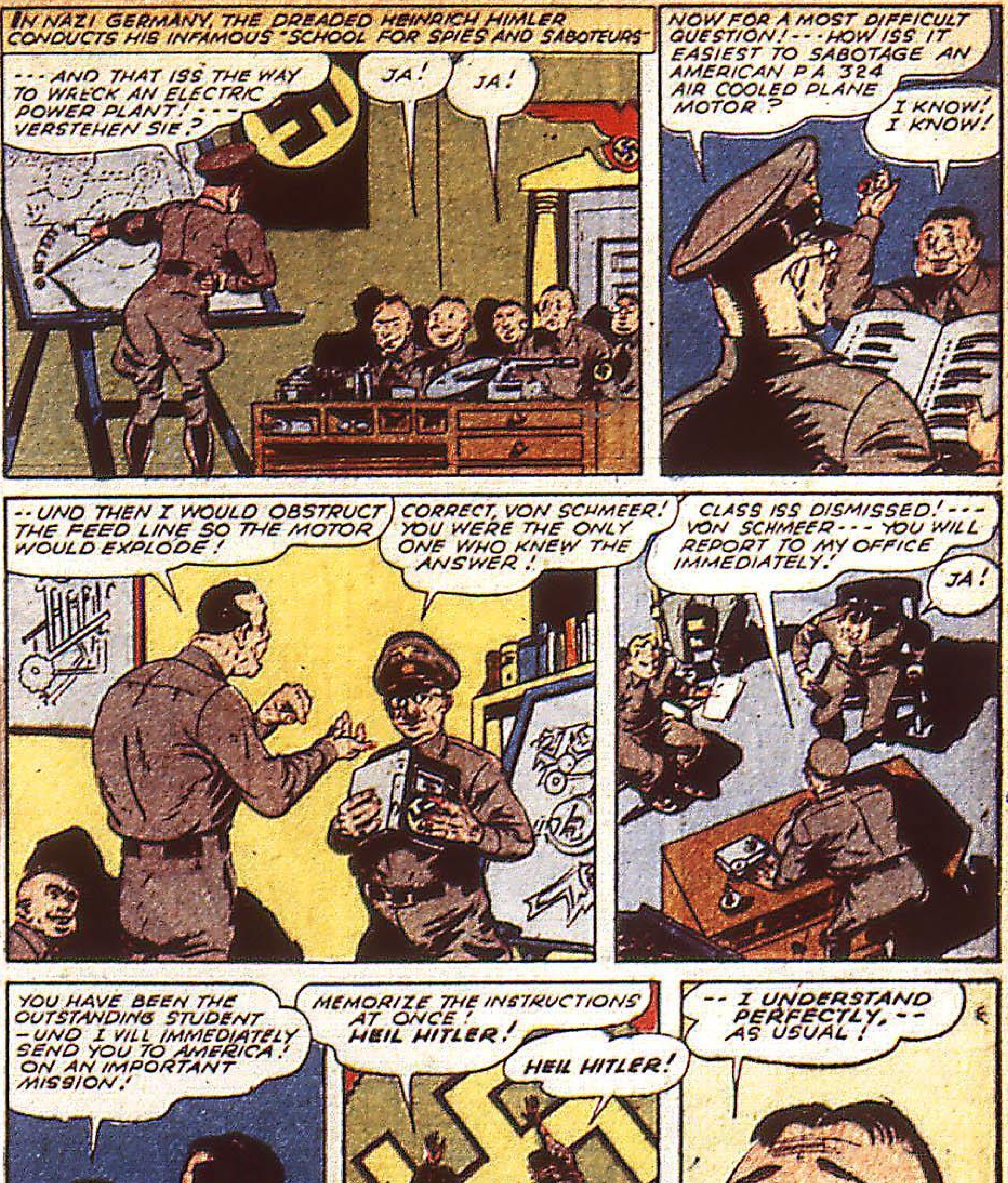
"Easy," Sheriff Pringle said proudly. "You're smart, all right, Cleve. *You* didn't leave a single clue. But Skat did." The sheriff chuckled. "Believe it or not, all animals leave paw-prints that are just as distinctive as human prints. Even their noses do. I heard a lecture about it once, by some professor."

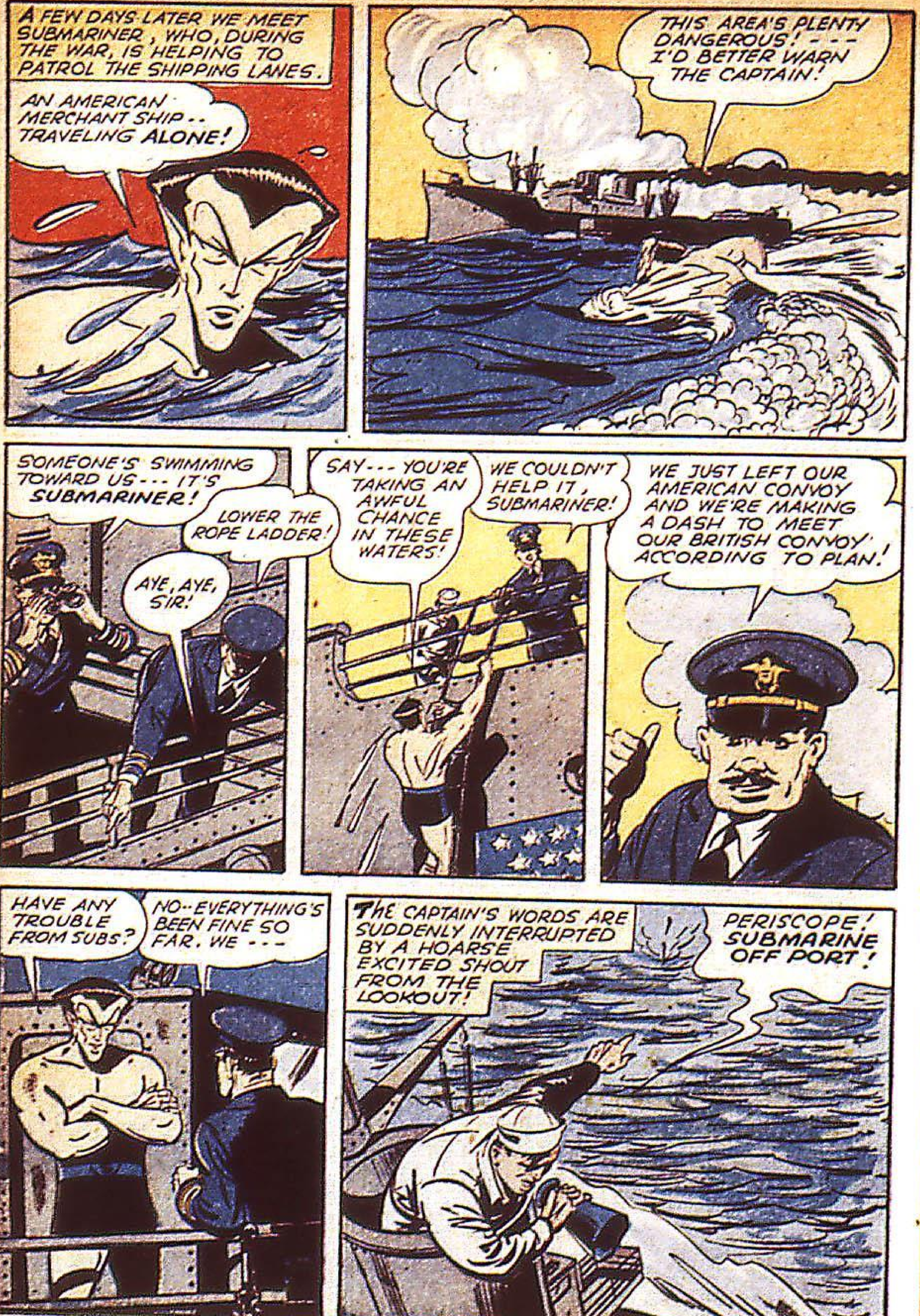
"Skat left the clue I needed, Cleve. He left his paw-prints around the edge of the floor where Pop had just oiled it that day. Later, I got another set from Skat at the store. . . They're the same, Cleve. Skat's prints and the ones in the house!"

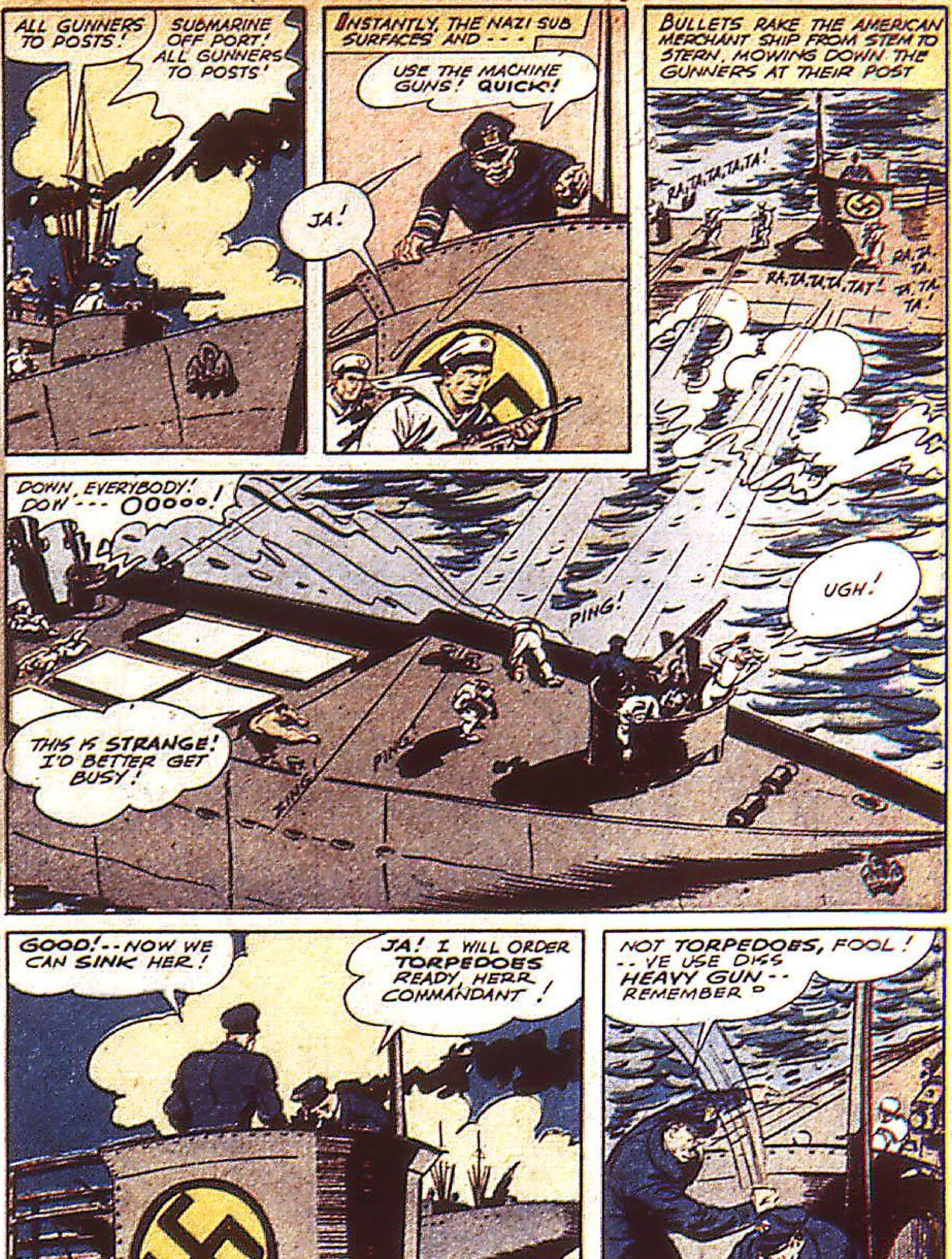
Cleve squared his shoulders. "Imagine!" he muttered. He looked at Skat, Cleve said, "You—you doggone dog!"

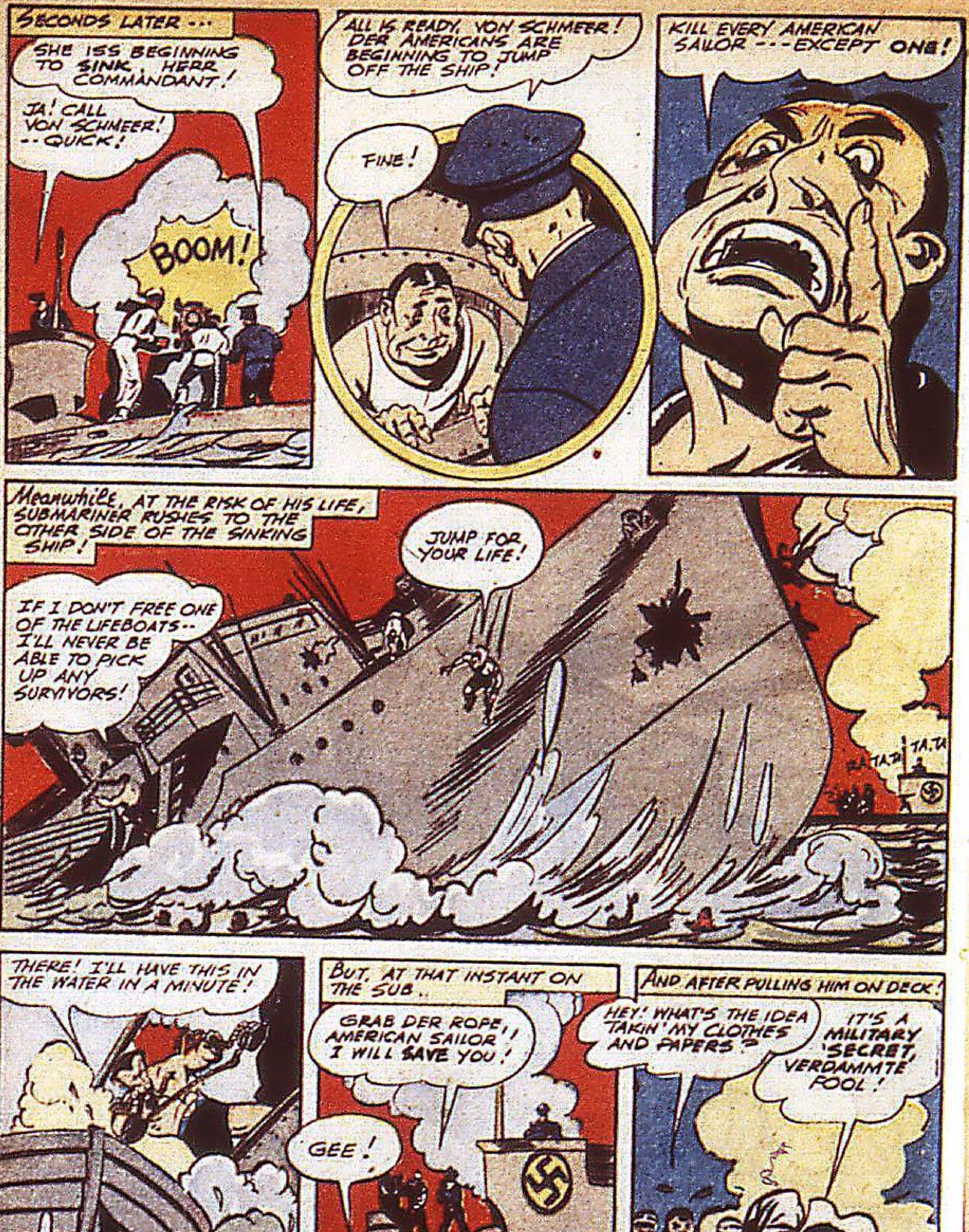
The End.

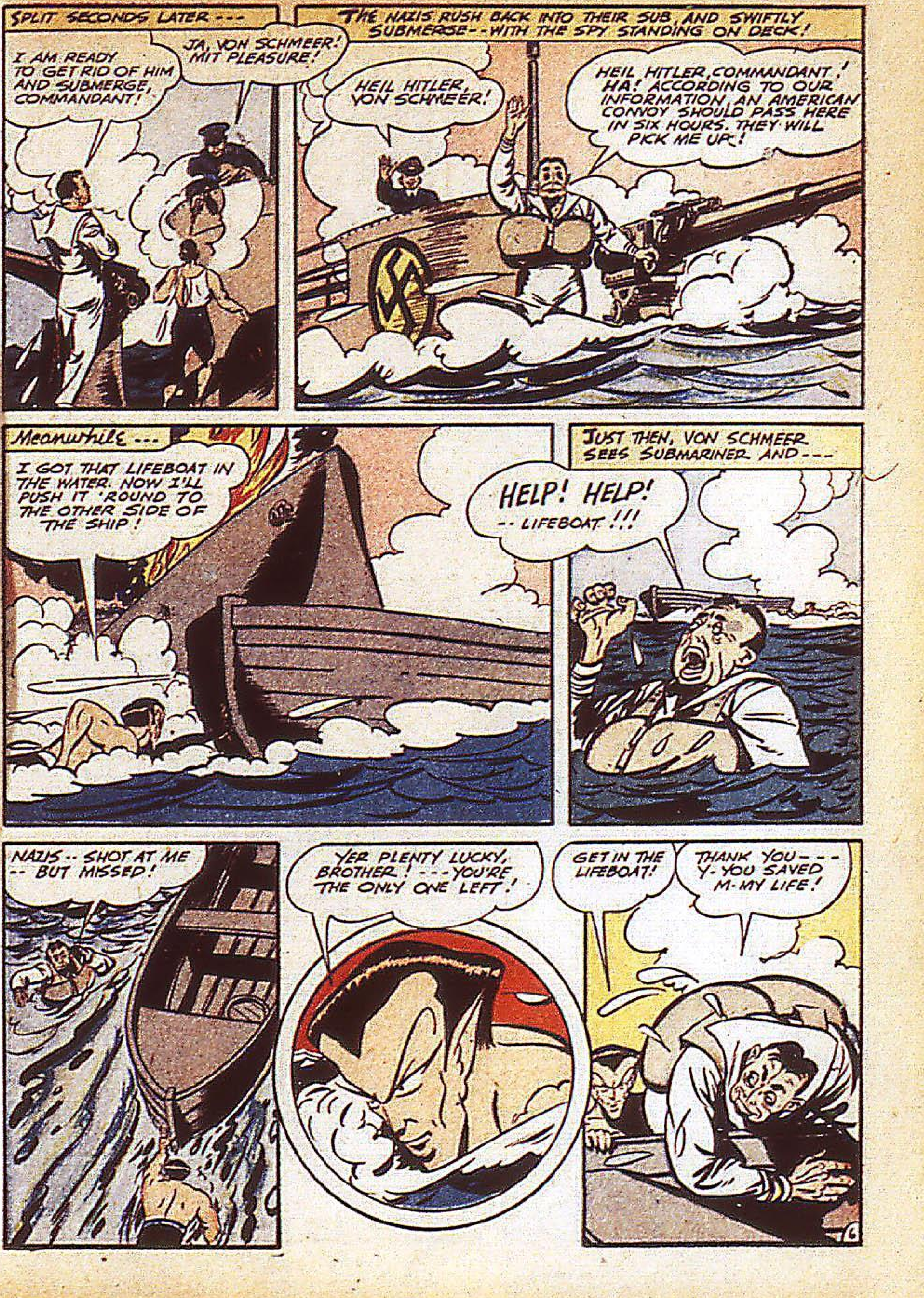

SUB-MARINER
Deciphers THE "CODE OF DEATH"

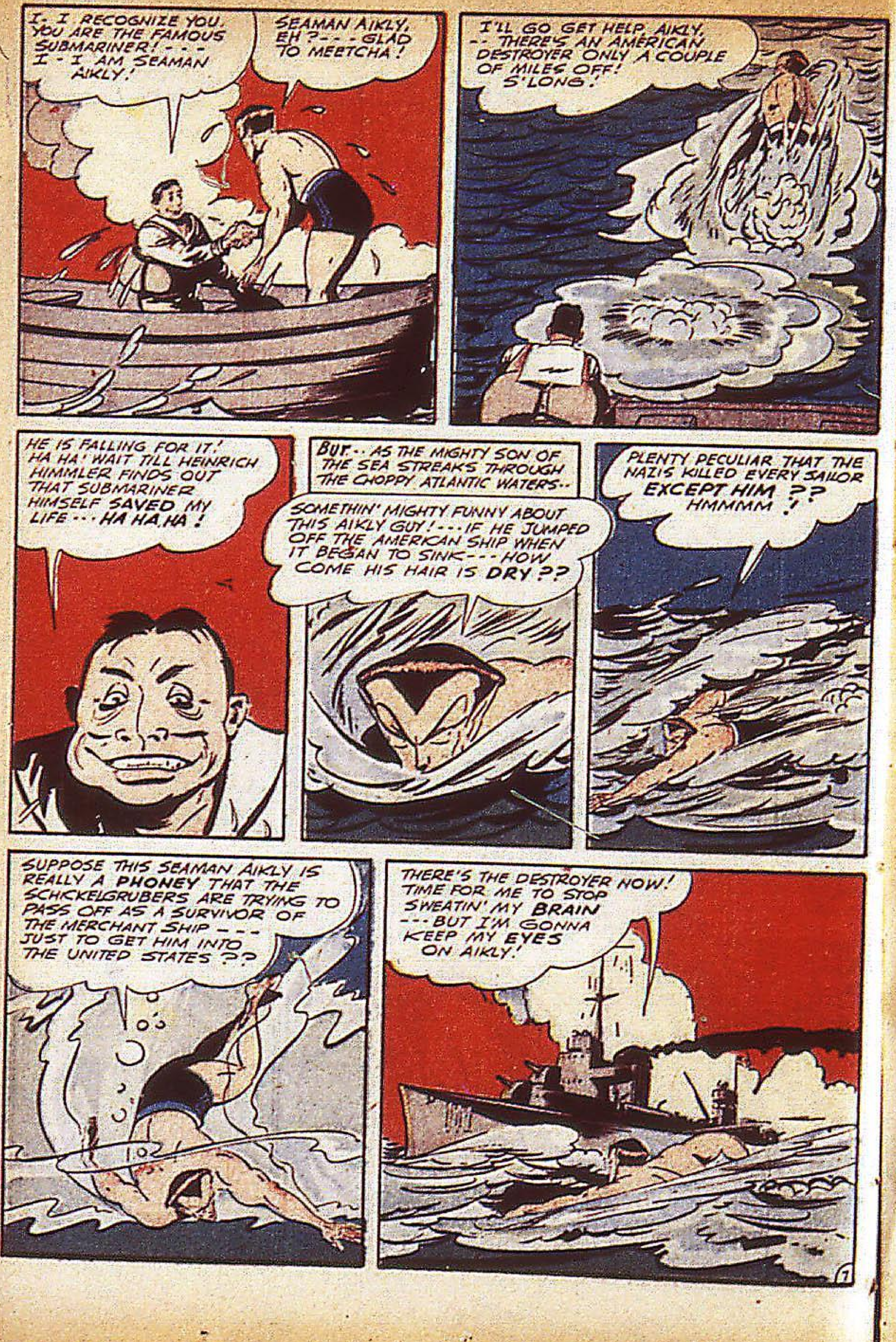

IN NAZI GERMANY, THE DREADED HEINRICH HIMLER CONDUCTS HIS INFAMOUS "SCHOOL FOR SPIES AND SABOTEURS"
--- AND THAT ISS THE WAY TO WRECK AN ELECTRIC POWER PLANT! --- VERSTEHEN SIE?
JA!
JA!
NOW FOR A MOST DIFFICULT QUESTION! --- HOW ISS IT EASIEST TO SABOTAGE AN AMERICAN P A 324 AIR COOLED PLANE MOTOR?
I KNOW! I KNOW!
-- UND THEN I WOULD OBSTRUCT THE FEED LINE SO THE MOTOR WOULD EXPLODE!
CORRECT, VON SCHMEER! YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW THE ANSWER!
CLASS ISS DISMISSED! --- VON SCHMEER --- YOU WILL REPORT TO MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!
JA!
YOU HAVE BEEN THE OUTSTANDING STUDENT -UND I VILL IMMEDIATELY SEND YOU TO AMERICA! ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION!
MEMORIZE THE INSTRUCTIONS AT ONCE! HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER!
-- I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, -- AS USUAL!

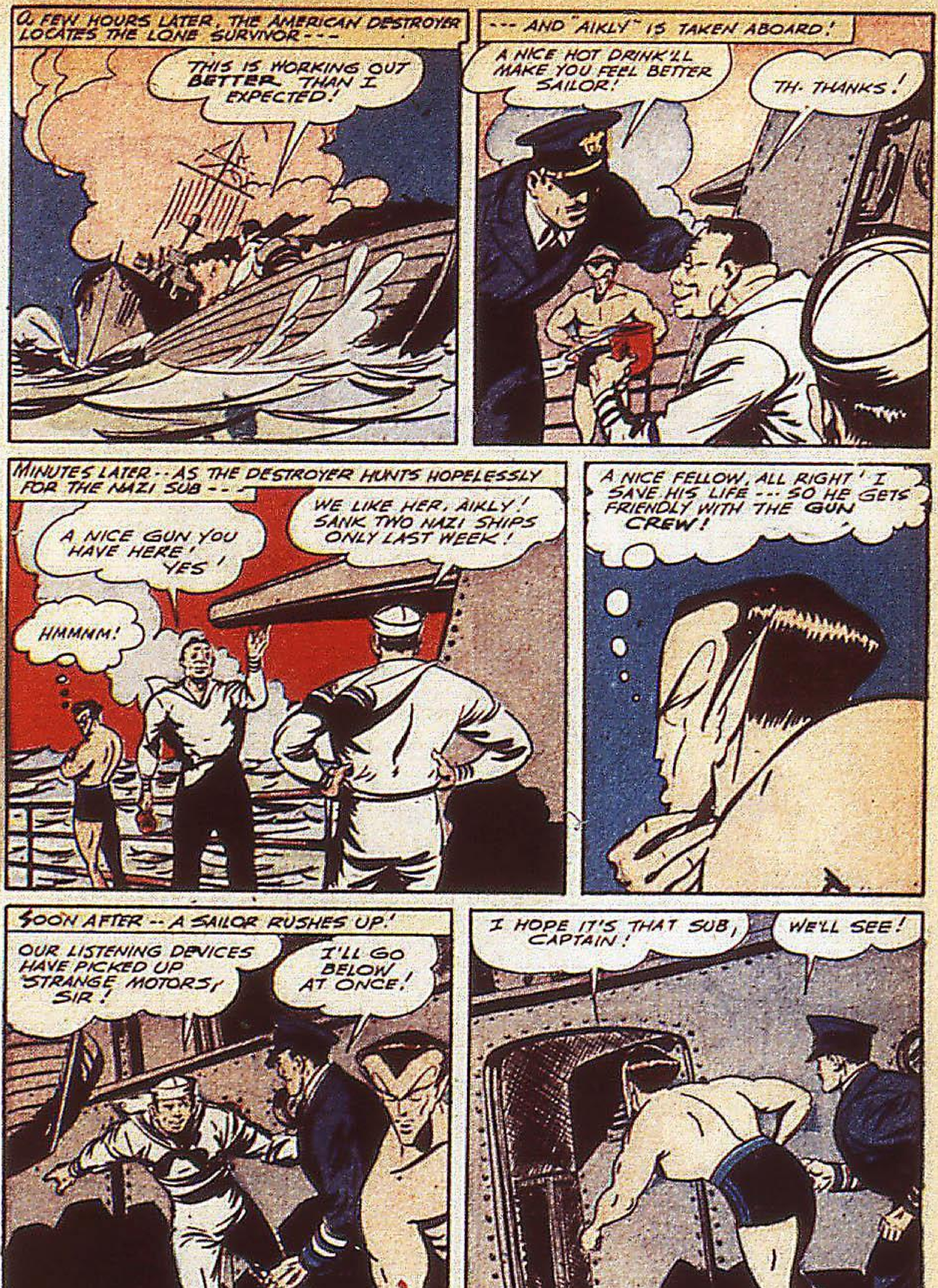

A FEW DAYS LATER WE MEET SUBMARINER, WHO, DURING THE WAR, IS HELPING TO PATROL THE SHIPPING LANES.
AN AMERICAN MERCHANT SHIP.. TRAVELING ALONE!
THIS AREA'S PLENTY DANGEROUS! --- I'D BETTER WARN THE CAPTAIN!
SOMEONE'S SWIMMING TOWARD US--- IT'S SUBMARINER!
LOWER THE ROPE LADDER!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
SAY--- YOU'RE TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE IN THESE WATERS!
WE COULDN'T HELP IT, SUBMARINER!
WE JUST LEFT OUR AMERICAN CONVOY AND WE'RE MAKING A DASH TO MEET OUR BRITISH CONVOY ACCORDING TO PLAN!
HAVE ANY TROUBLE FROM SUBS?
NO.. EVERYTHING'S BEEN FINE SO FAR. WE ---
THE CAPTAIN'S WORDS ARE SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY A HOARSE EXCITED SHOUT FROM THE LOOKOUT!
PERISCOPE! SUBMARINE OFF PORT!

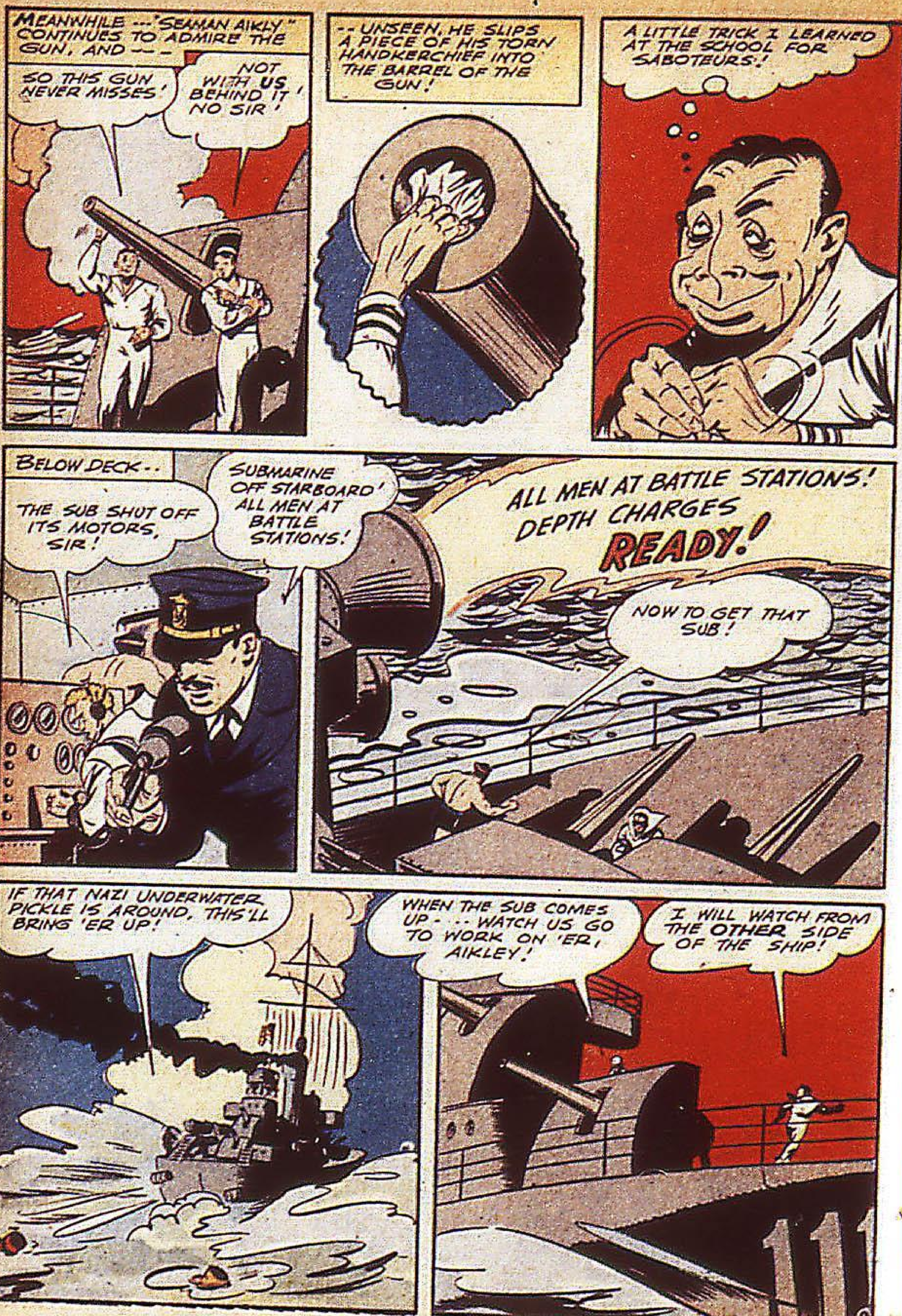

ALL GUNNERS TO POSTS!
SUBMARINE OFF PORT! ALL GUNNERS TO POSTS!
INSTANTLY, THE NAZI SUB SURFACES AND - - -
USE THE MACHINE GUNS! QUICK!
JA!
BULLETS RAKE THE AMERICAN MERCHANT SHIP FROM STEM TO STERN, MOWING DOWN THE GUNNERS AT THEIR POST
RA,TA,TA,TA,TA!
RA,TA,TA,TA,TAT!
RA,TA,TA,TA,TA,TA!
DOWN, EVERYBODY! DOW- - - OOOOO!
PING!
UGH!
PING!
PING!
THIS IS STRANGE! I'D BETTER GET BUSY!
GOOD!--NOW WE CAN SINK HER!
JA! I WILL ORDER TORPEDOES READY, HERR COMMANDANT!
NOT TORPEDOES, FOOL! --VE USE DISS HEAVY GUN-- REMEMBER?
4

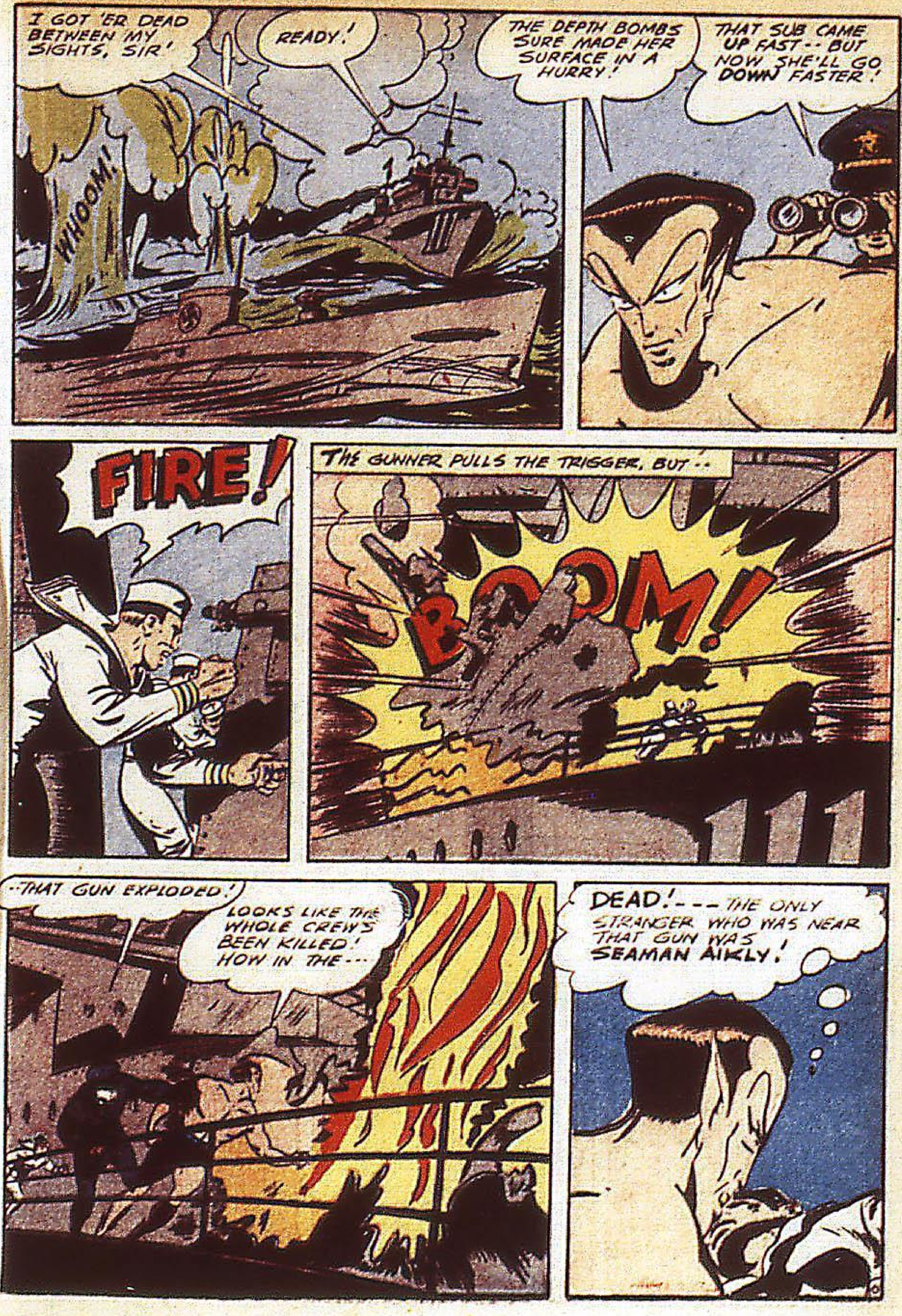

SECONDS LATER ...
SHE ISS BEGINNING TO SINK, HERR COMMANDANT!
JA! CALL VON SCHMEER! --QUICK!
BOOM!
ALL IS READY, VON SCHMEER! DER AMERICANS ARE BEGINNING TO JUMP OFF THE SHIP!
FINE!
KILL EVERY AMERICAN SAILOR---EXCEPT ONE!
Meanwhile, AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE, SUBMARINER RUSHES TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SINKING SHIP!
JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE!
IF I DON'T FREE ONE OF THE LIFEBOATS-- I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PICK UP ANY SURVIVORS!
TA-TA TA-TA
THERE! I'LL HAVE THIS IN THE WATER IN A MINUTE!
BUT, AT THAT INSTANT ON THE SUB..
GRAB DER ROPE, AMERICAN SAILOR! I WILL SAVE YOU!
GEE!
AND AFTER PULLING HIM ON DECK!
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA TAKIN' MY CLOTHES AND PAPERS?
IT'S A MILITARY SECRET, VERDAMMTE FOOL!

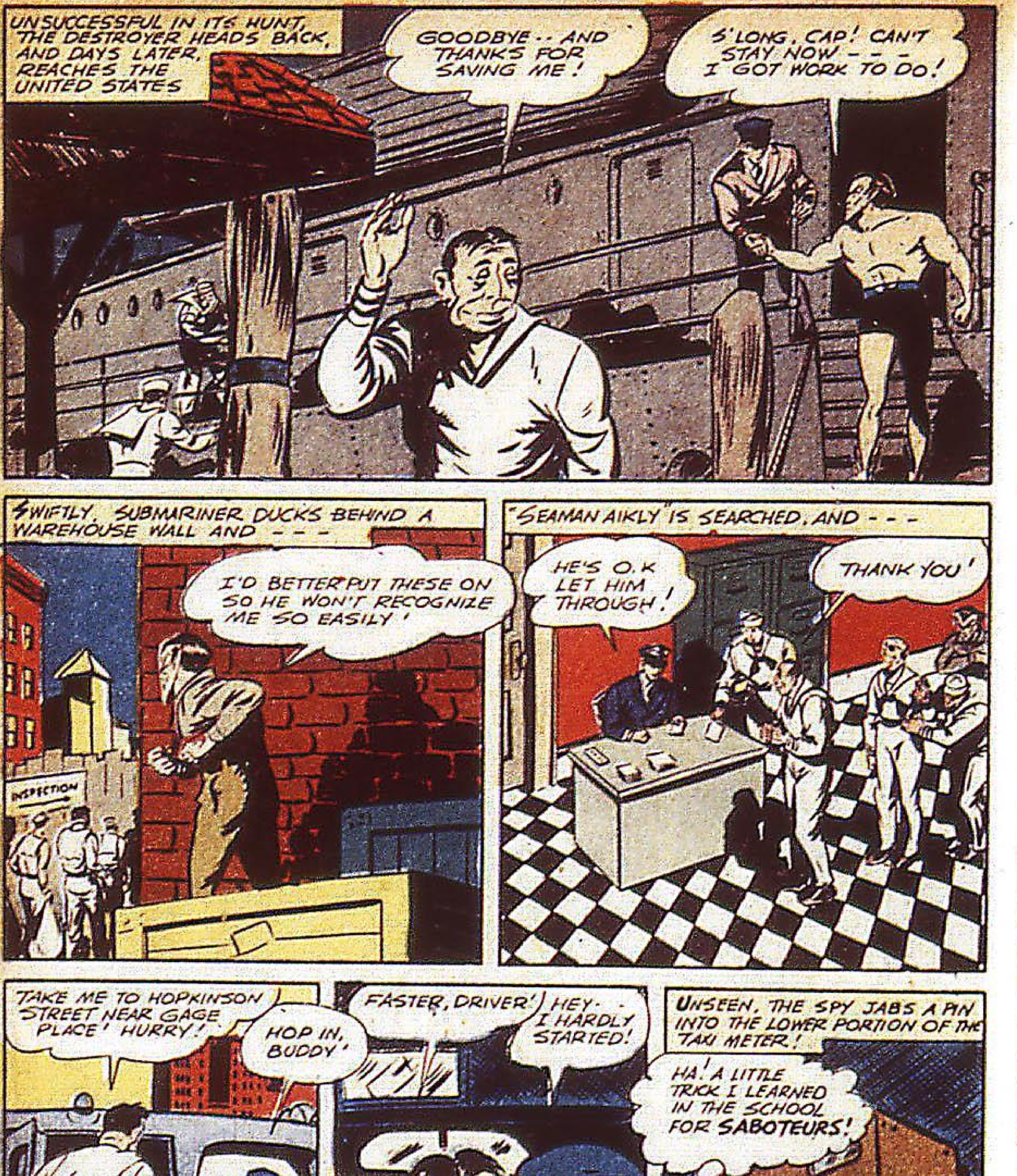

SPLIT SECONDS LATER ---
I AM READY TO GET RID OF HIM AND SUBMERGE, COMMANDANT!
JA, VON SCHMEER! MIT PLEASURE!
THE NAZIS RUSH BACK INTO THEIR SUB AND SWIFTLY SUBMERGE-- WITH THE SPY STANDING ON DECK!
HEIL HITLER, VON SCHMEER!
HEIL HITLER, COMMANDANT! HA! ACCORDING TO OUR INFORMATION, AN AMERICAN CONVOY SHOULD PASS HERE IN SIX HOURS. THEY WILL PICK ME UP!
Meanwhile ---
I GOT THAT LIFEBOAT IN THE WATER. NOW I'LL PUSH IT 'ROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP!
JUST THEN, VON SCHMEER SEES SUBMARINER AND ---
HELP! HELP! -- LIFEBOAT!!!
NAZIS -- SHOT AT ME -- BUT MISSED!
YER PLENTY LUCKY, BROTHER! --- YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE LEFT!
GET IN THE LIFEBOAT!
THANK YOU --- Y-YOU SAVED M-MY LIFE!

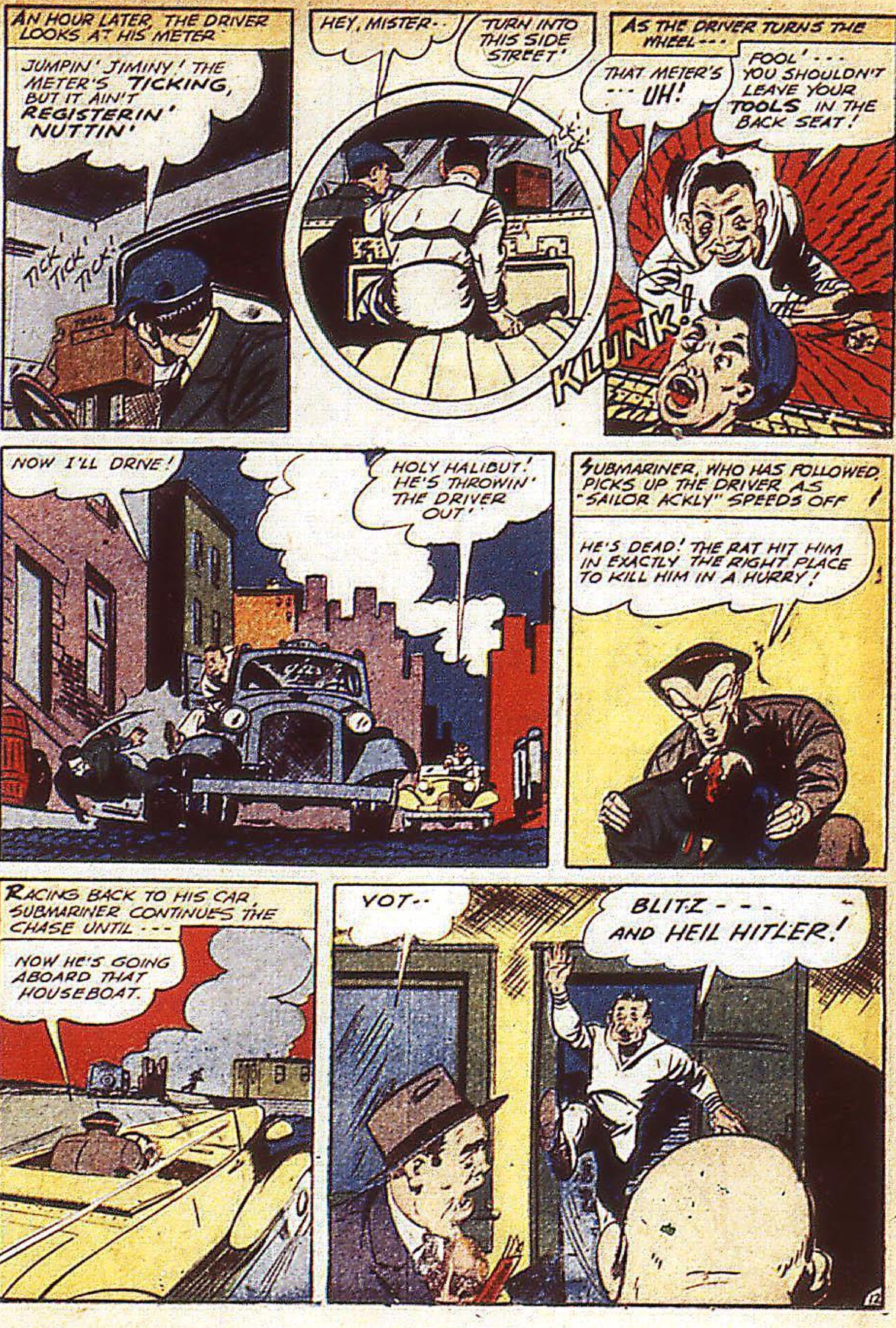

I- I RECOGNIZE YOU. YOU ARE THE FAMOUS SUBMARINER! - - - I - I AM SEAMAN AIKLY!
SEAMAN AIKLY, EH? - - - GLAD TO MEETCHA!
I'LL GO GET HELP, AIKLY, - - THERE'S AN AMERICAN DESTROYER ONLY A COUPLE OF MILES OFF! S'LONG!
HE IS FALLING FOR IT! HA HA! WAIT TILL HEINRICH HIMMLER FINDS OUT THAT SUBMARINER HIMSELF SAVED MY LIFE - - - HA HA HA!
BUT - - AS THE MIGHTY SON OF THE SEA STREAKS THROUGH THE CHOPPY ATLANTIC WATERS - -
SOMETHIN' MIGHTY FUNNY ABOUT THIS AIKLY GUY! - - - IF HE JUMPED OFF THE AMERICAN SHIP WHEN IT BEGAN TO SINK - - - HOW COME HIS HAIR IS DRY??
PLENTY PECULIAR THAT THE NAZIS KILLED EVERY SAILOR EXCEPT HIM?? HMMMM!
SUPPOSE THIS SEAMAN AIKLY IS REALLY A PHONEY THAT THE SCHICKELGRUBERS ARE TRYING TO PASS OFF AS A SURVIVOR OF THE MERCHANT SHIP - - - JUST TO GET HIM INTO THE UNITED STATES??
THERE'S THE DESTROYER NOW! TIME FOR ME TO STOP SWEATIN' MY BRAIN - - - BUT I'M GONNA KEEP MY EYES ON AIKLY!

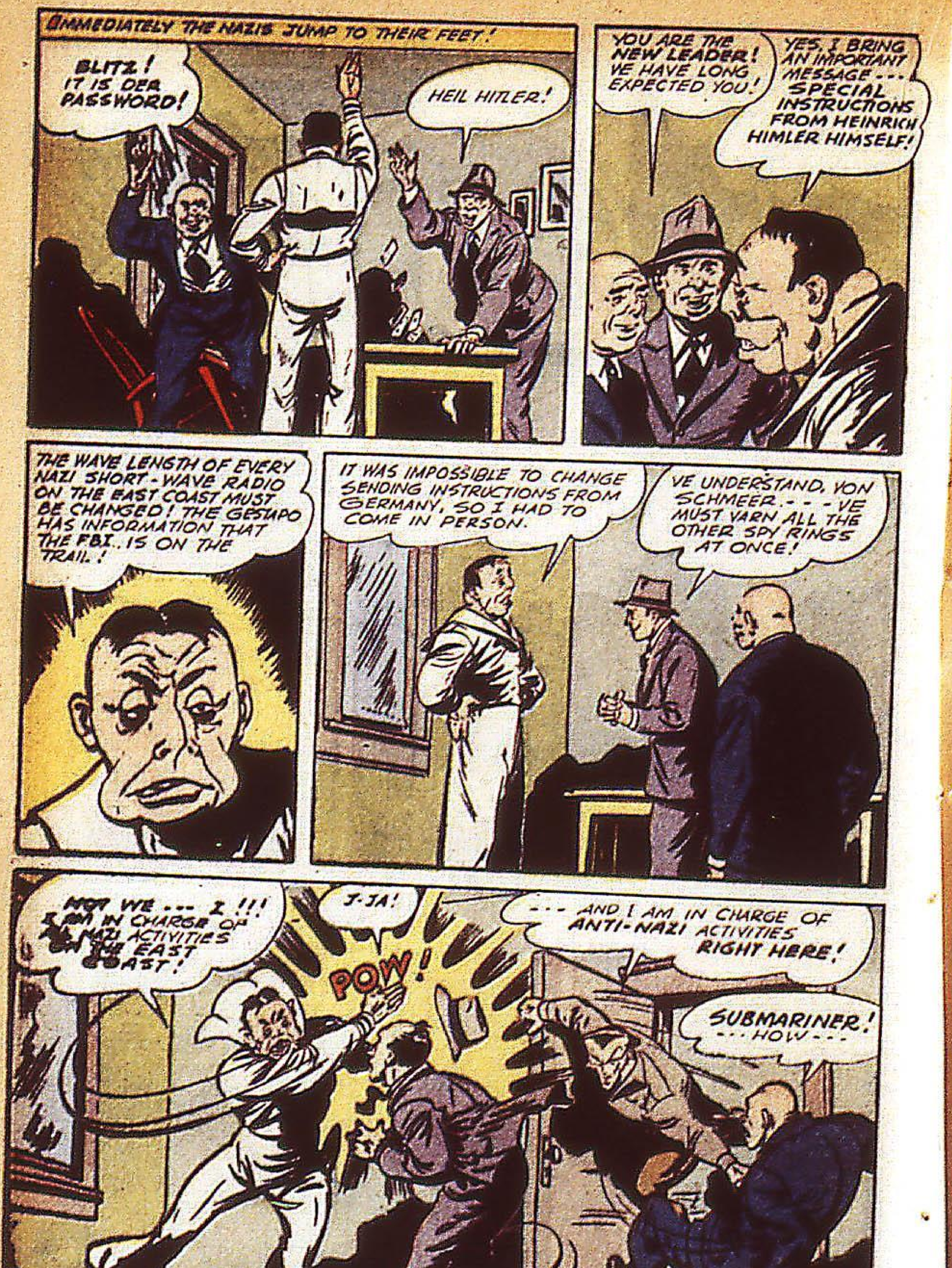

A FEW HOURS LATER, THE AMERICAN DESTROYER LOCATES THE LONE SURVIVOR---
THIS IS WORKING OUT BETTER THAN I EXPECTED!
---AND "AIKLY" IS TAKEN ABOARD!
A NICE HOT DRINK'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER SAILOR!
TH- THANKS!
MINUTES LATER--AS THE DESTROYER HUNTS HOPELESSLY FOR THE NAZI SUB---
A NICE GUN YOU HAVE HERE!
YES!
WE LIKE HER, AIKLY! SANK TWO NAZI SHIPS ONLY LAST WEEK!
HMMNM!
A NICE FELLOW, ALL RIGHT! I SAVE HIS LIFE---SO HE GETS FRIENDLY WITH THE GUN CREW!
SOON AFTER--A SAILOR RUSHES UP!
OUR LISTENING DEVICES HAVE PICKED UP 'STRANGE MOTORS,' SIR!
I'LL GO BELOW AT ONCE!
I HOPE IT'S THAT SUB, CAPTAIN!
WE'LL SEE!

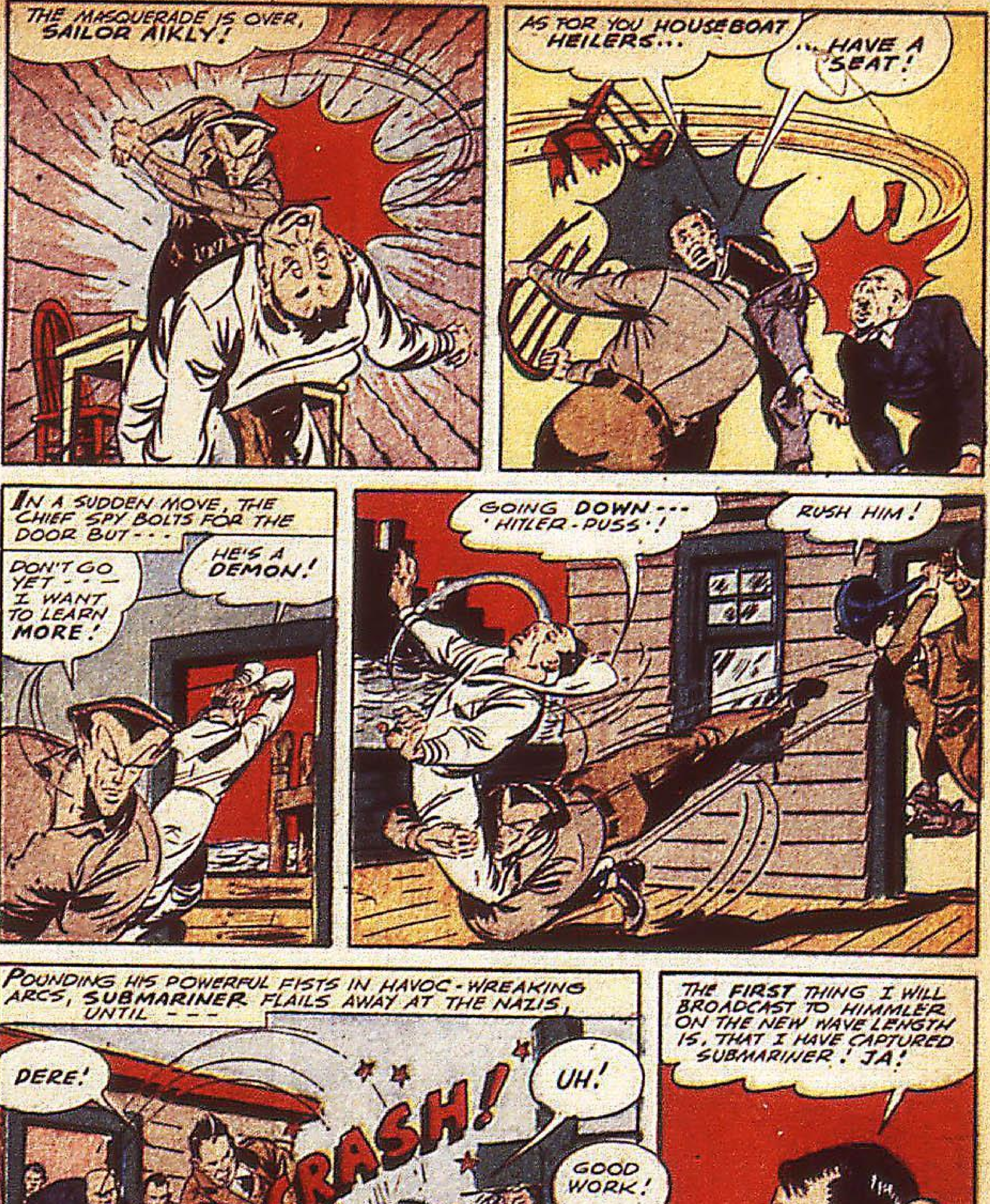

MEANWHILE -- "SEAMAN AIKLY" CONTINUES TO ADMIRE THE GUN, AND ---
SO THIS GUN NEVER MISSES!
NOT WITH **US** BEHIND IT! NO SIR!
-- UNSEEN, HE SLIPS A PIECE OF HIS TORN HANDKERCHIEF INTO THE BARREL OF THE GUN!
A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED AT THE SCHOOL FOR SABOTEURS!
BELOW DECK..
THE SUB SHUT OFF ITS MOTORS, SIR!
SUBMARINE OFF STARBOARD! ALL MEN AT BATTLE STATIONS!
ALL MEN AT BATTLE STATIONS! DEPTH CHARGES READY!
NOW TO GET THAT SUB!
IF THAT NAZI UNDERWATER PICKLE IS AROUND, THIS'LL BRING 'ER UP!
WHEN THE SUB COMES UP - .. WATCH US GO TO WORK ON 'ER, AIKLEY!
I WILL WATCH FROM THE **OTHER** SIDE OF THE SHIP!
111

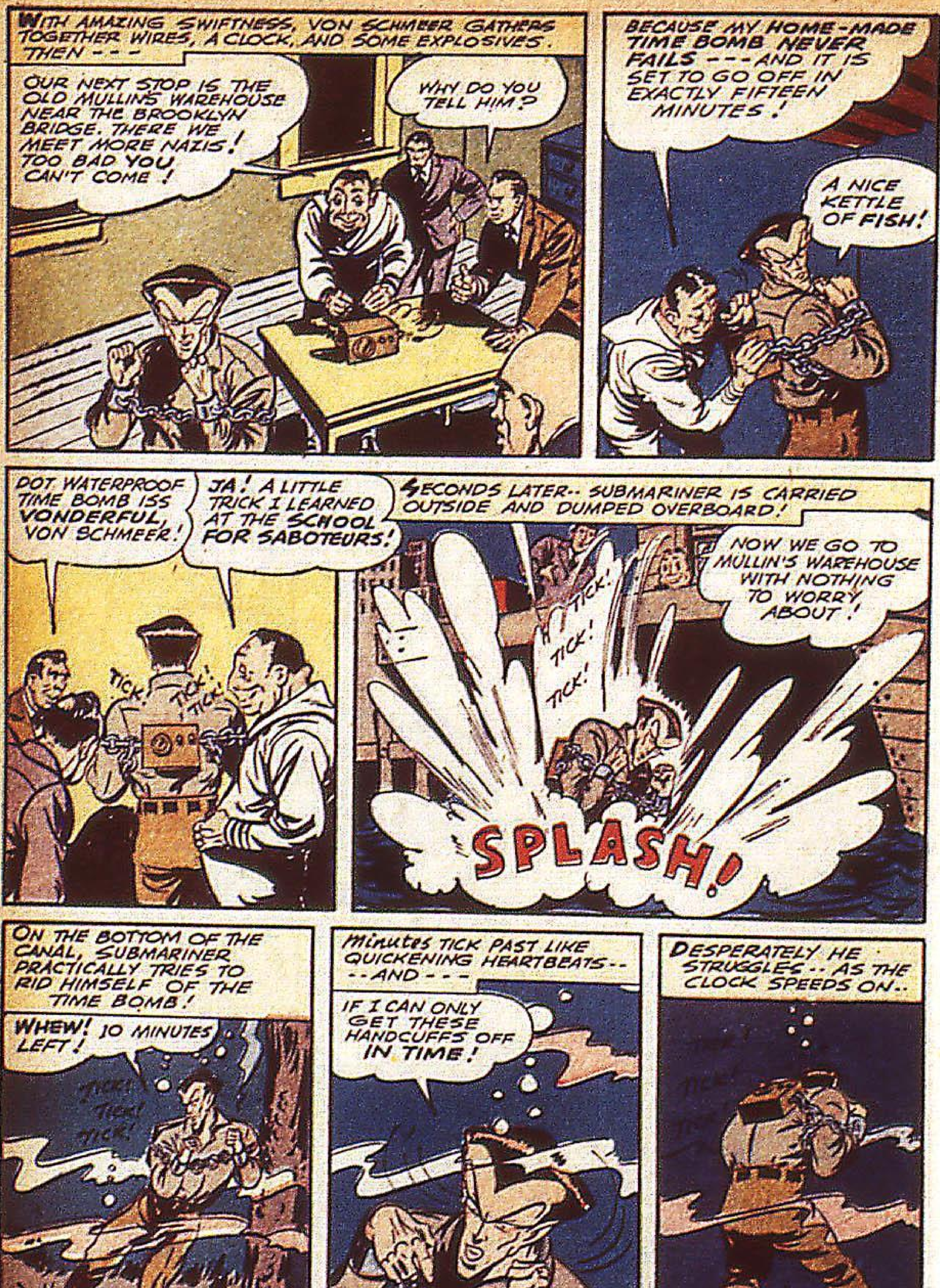

I GOT 'ER DEAD BETWEEN MY SIGHTS, SIR'
READY!
WHOOM!
THE DEPTH BOMBS SURE MADE HER SURFACE IN A HURRY!
THAT SUB CAME UP FAST-- BUT NOW SHE'LL GO DOWN FASTER!
FIRE!
THE GUNNER PULLS THE TRIGGER, BUT--
BOOM!
--THAT GUN EXPLODED!
LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE CREW'S BEEN KILLED! HOW IN THE--
DEAD!--- THE ONLY STRANGER WHO WAS NEAR THAT GUN WAS SEAMAN AIKLY!

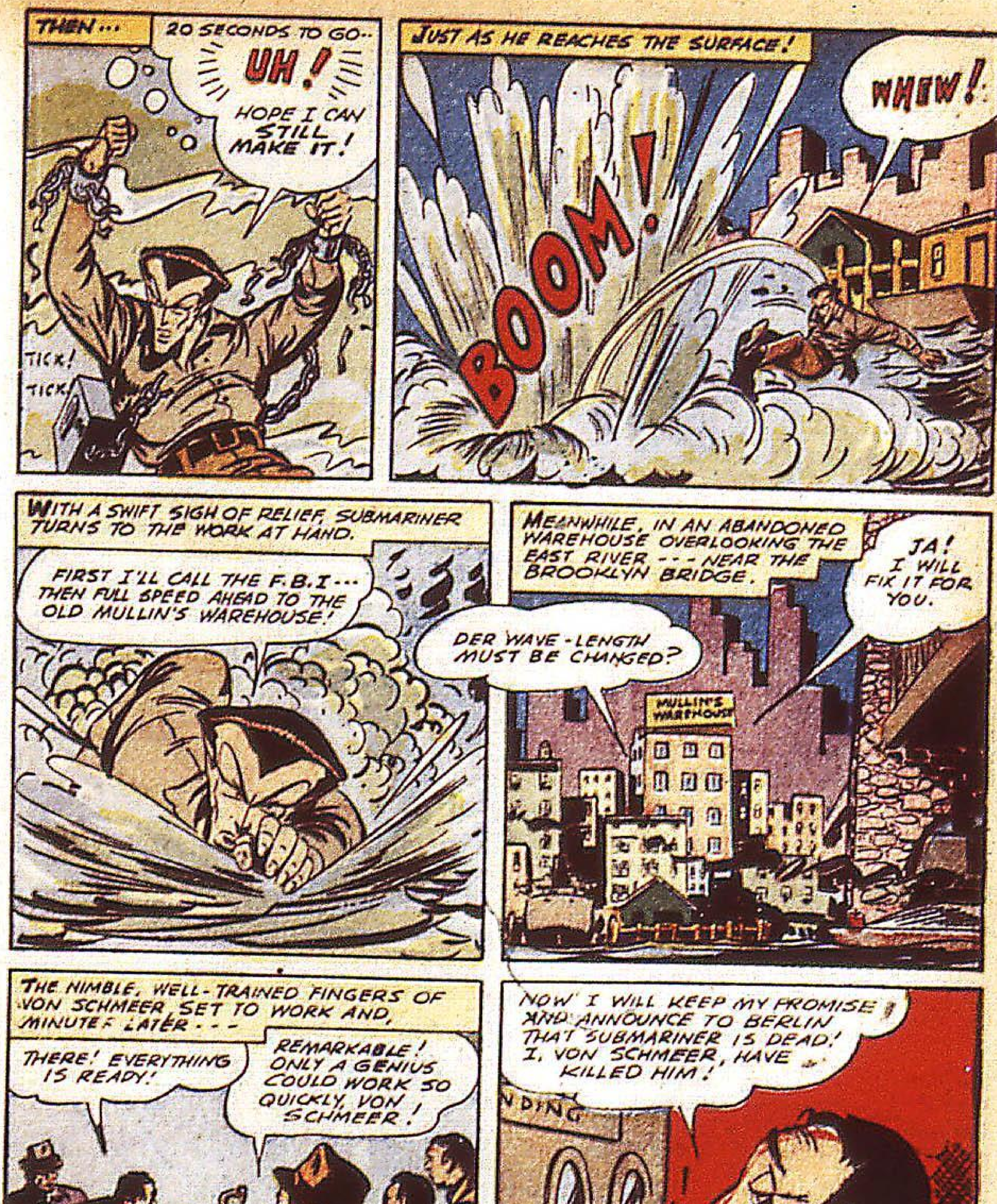

UNSUCCESSFUL IN ITS HUNT, THE DESTROYER HEADS BACK, AND DAYS LATER, REACHES THE UNITED STATES
GOODBYE - - AND THANKS FOR SAVING ME!
S'LONG, CAP! CAN'T STAY NOW - - - I GOT WORK TO DO!
SWIFTLY, SUBMARINER DUCKS BEHIND A WAREHOUSE WALL AND - - -
I'D BETTER PUT THESE ON SO HE WON'T RECOGNIZE ME SO EASILY!
INSPECTION
"SEAMAN AIKLY" IS SEARCHED, AND - - -
HE'S O.K LET HIM THROUGH!
THANK YOU!
TAKE ME TO HOPKINSON STREET NEAR GAGE PLACE! HURRY!
HOP IN, BUDDY!
TAXI SERVICE
15¢ - 5
FASTER, DRIVER!
HEY - - I HARDLY STARTED!
UNSEEN, THE SPY JABS A PIN INTO THE LOWER PORTION OF THE TAXI METER!
HA! A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED IN THE SCHOOL FOR SABOTEURS!
TICK!
TICK!
TICK!

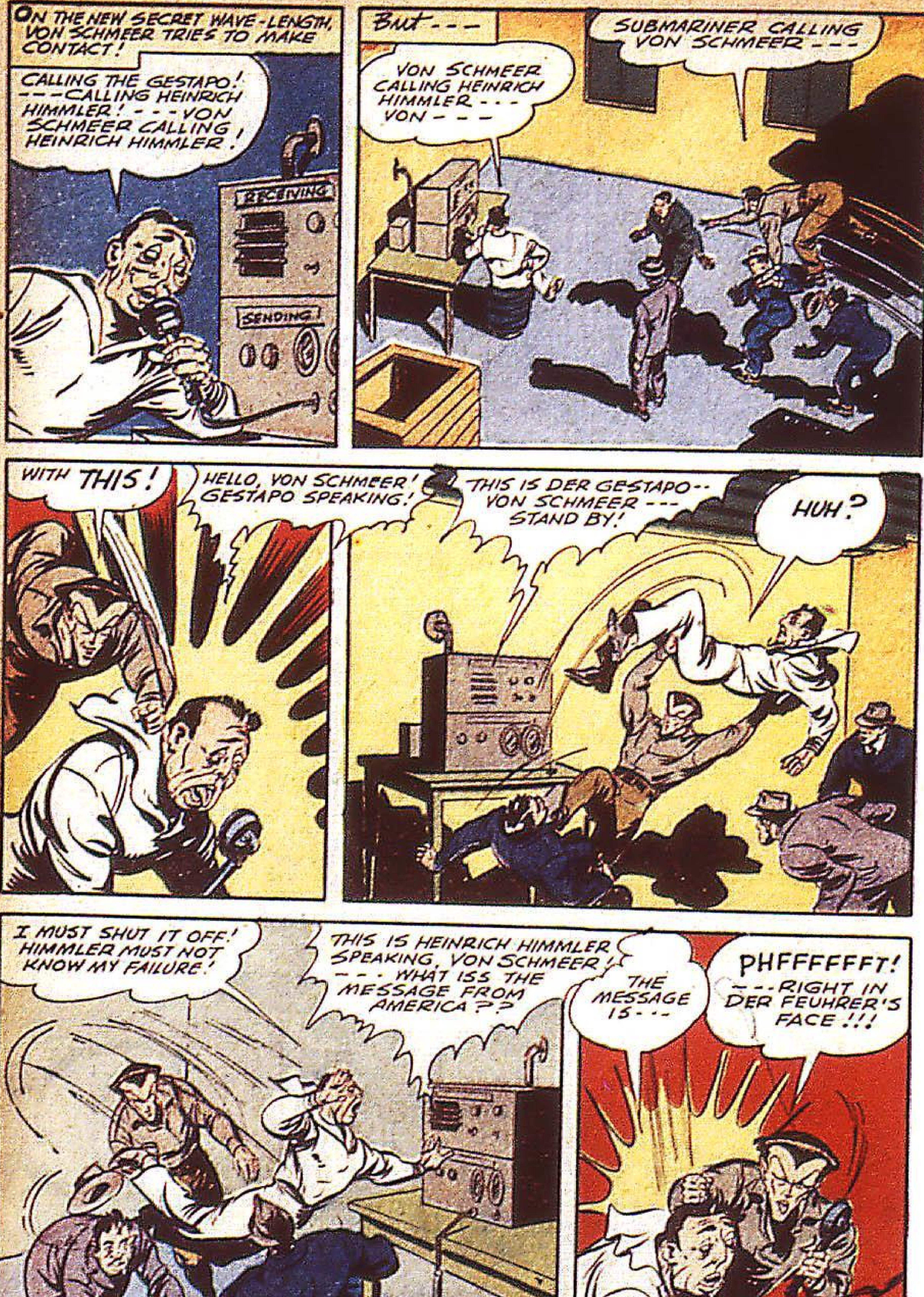

AN HOUR LATER, THE DRIVER LOOKS AT HIS METER
JUMPIN' JIMINY! THE METER'S TICKING, BUT IT AIN'T REGISTERIN' NUTTIN'
TICK TICK TICK
HEY, MISTER..
TURN INTO THIS SIDE STREET!
TICK TICK
AS THE DRIVER TURNS THE WHEEL---
THAT METER'S --- UH!
FOOL!... YOU SHOULDN'T LEAVE YOUR TOOLS IN THE BACK SEAT!
KLUNK!
NOW I'LL DRIVE!
HOLY HALIBUT! HE'S THROWIN' THE DRIVER OUT!
SUBMARINER, WHO HAS FOLLOWED, PICKS UP THE DRIVER AS "SAILOR ACKLY" SPEEDS OFF!
HE'S DEAD! THE RAT HIT HIM IN EXACTLY THE RIGHT PLACE TO KILL HIM IN A HURRY!
RACING BACK TO HIS CAR, SUBMARINER CONTINUES THE CHASE UNTIL---
NOW HE'S GOING ABOARD THAT HOUSEBOAT.
VOT..
BLITZ--- AND HEIL HITLER!

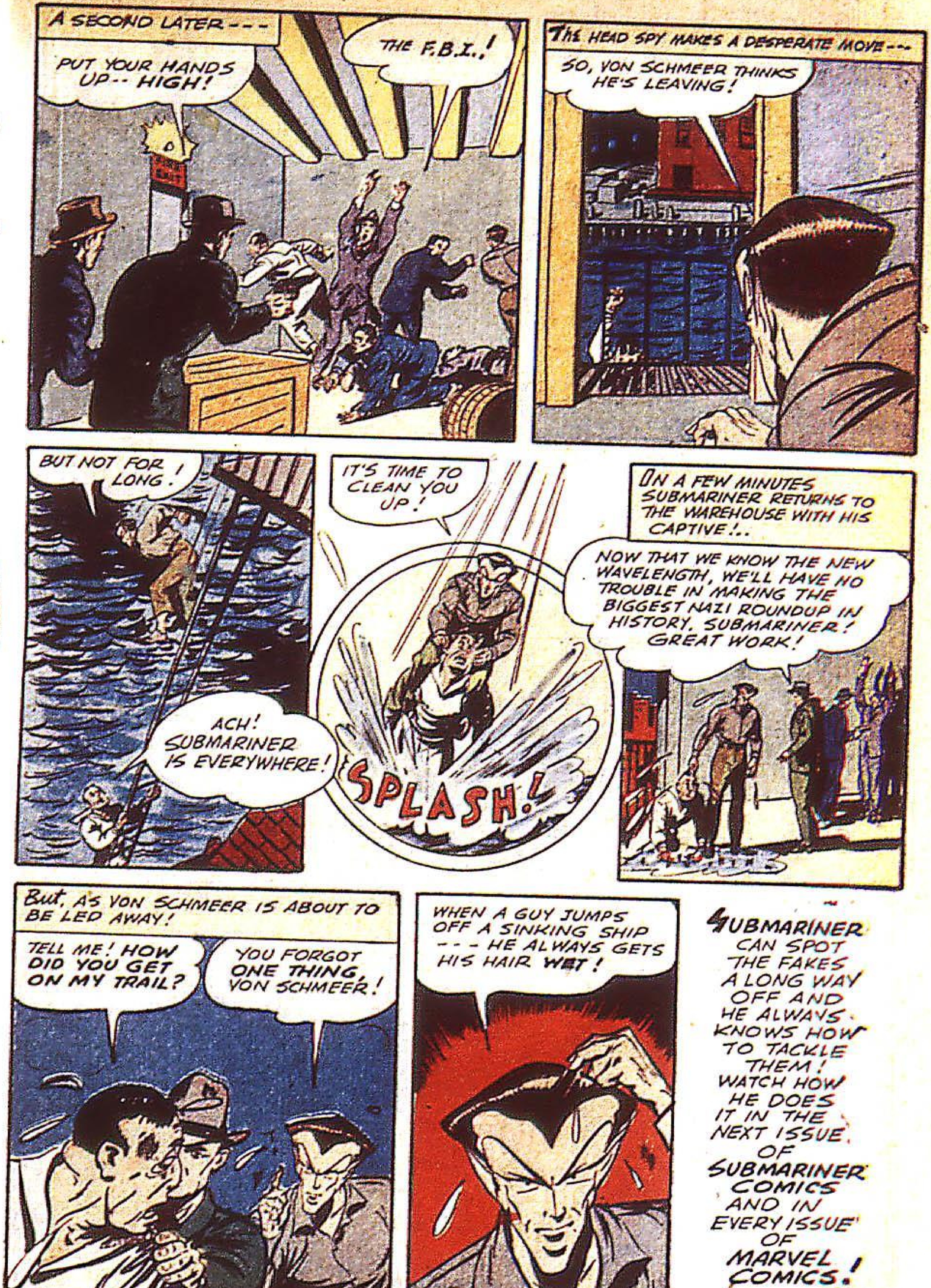

IMMEDIATELY THE NAZIS JUMP TO THEIR FEET!
BLITZ! IT IS DER PASSWORD!
HEIL HITLER!
YOU ARE THE NEW LEADER! VE HAVE LONG EXPECTED YOU!
YES, I BRING AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE... SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS FROM HEINRICH HIMLER HIMSELF!
THE WAVE LENGTH OF EVERY NAZI SHORT-WAVE RADIO ON THE EAST COAST MUST BE CHANGED! THE GESTAPO HAS INFORMATION THAT THE FBI.. IS ON THE TRAIL!
IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO CHANGE SENDING INSTRUCTIONS FROM GERMANY, SO I HAD TO COME IN PERSON.
VE UNDERSTAND, VON SCHMEER--- VE MUST VARN ALL THE OTHER SPY RINGS AT ONCE!
NOT WE... I!!! I AM IN CHARGE OF ALL NAZI ACTIVITIES ON THE EAST COAST!
J-JA!
POW!
--- AND I AM IN CHARGE OF ANTI-NAZI ACTIVITIES RIGHT HERE!
SUBMARINER! --- HOW ---

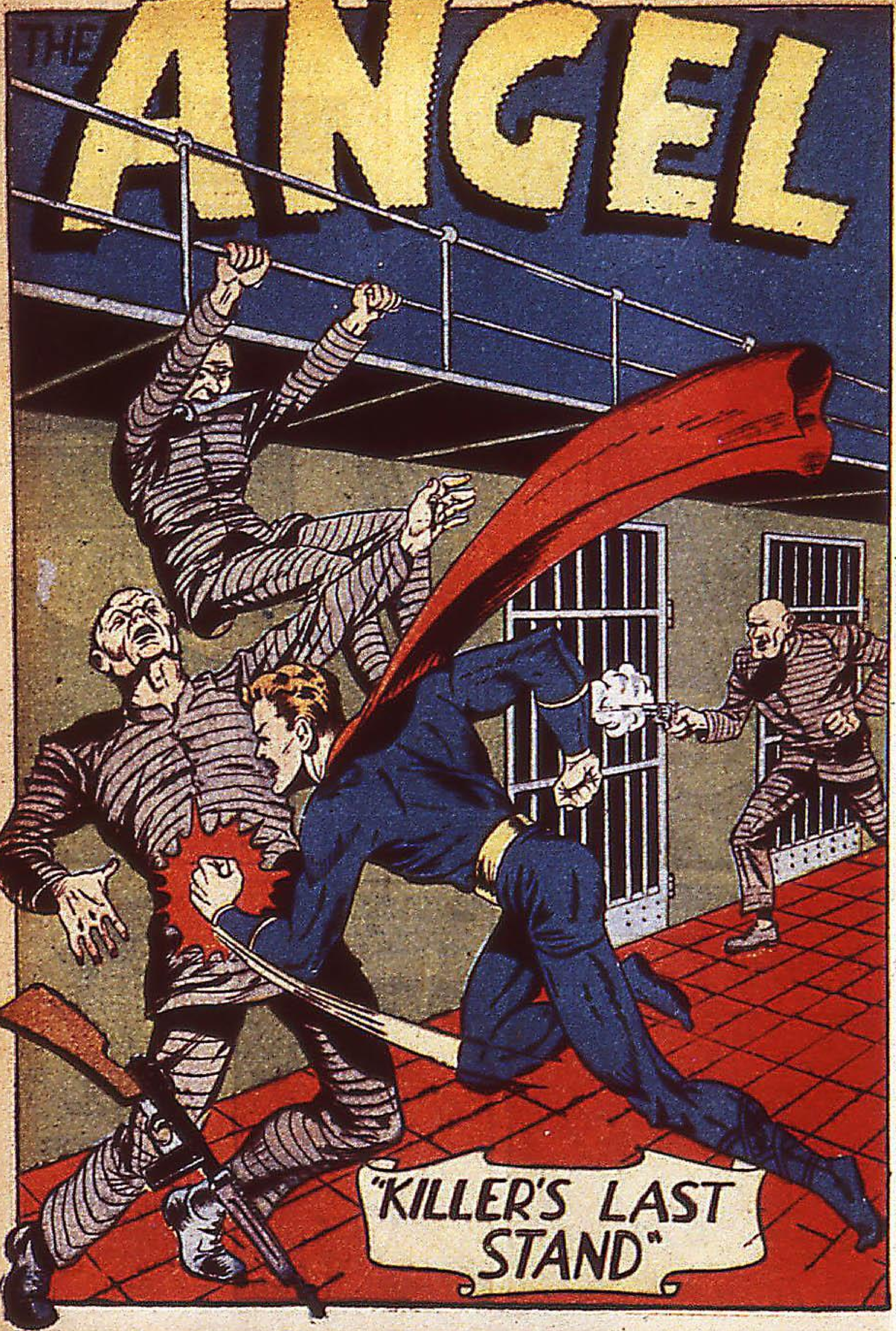

THE MASQUERADE IS OVER, SAILOR AIKLY!
AS FOR YOU HOUSEBOAT HEILERS...
...HAVE A SEAT!
IN A SUDDEN MOVE, THE CHIEF SPY BOLTS FOR THE DOOR BUT---
DON'T GO YET--- I WANT TO LEARN MORE!
HE'S A DEMON!
GOING DOWN--- 'HITLER-PUSS'!
RUSH HIM!
POUNDING HIS POWERFUL FISTS IN HAVOC-WREAKING ARCS, SUBMARINER FLAILS AWAY AT THE NAZIS, UNTIL---
DERE!
CRASH!
UH!
GOOD WORK!
THE FIRST THING I WILL BROADCAST TO HIMMLER ON THE NEW WAVE LENGTH IS, THAT I HAVE CAPTURED SUBMARINER! JA!

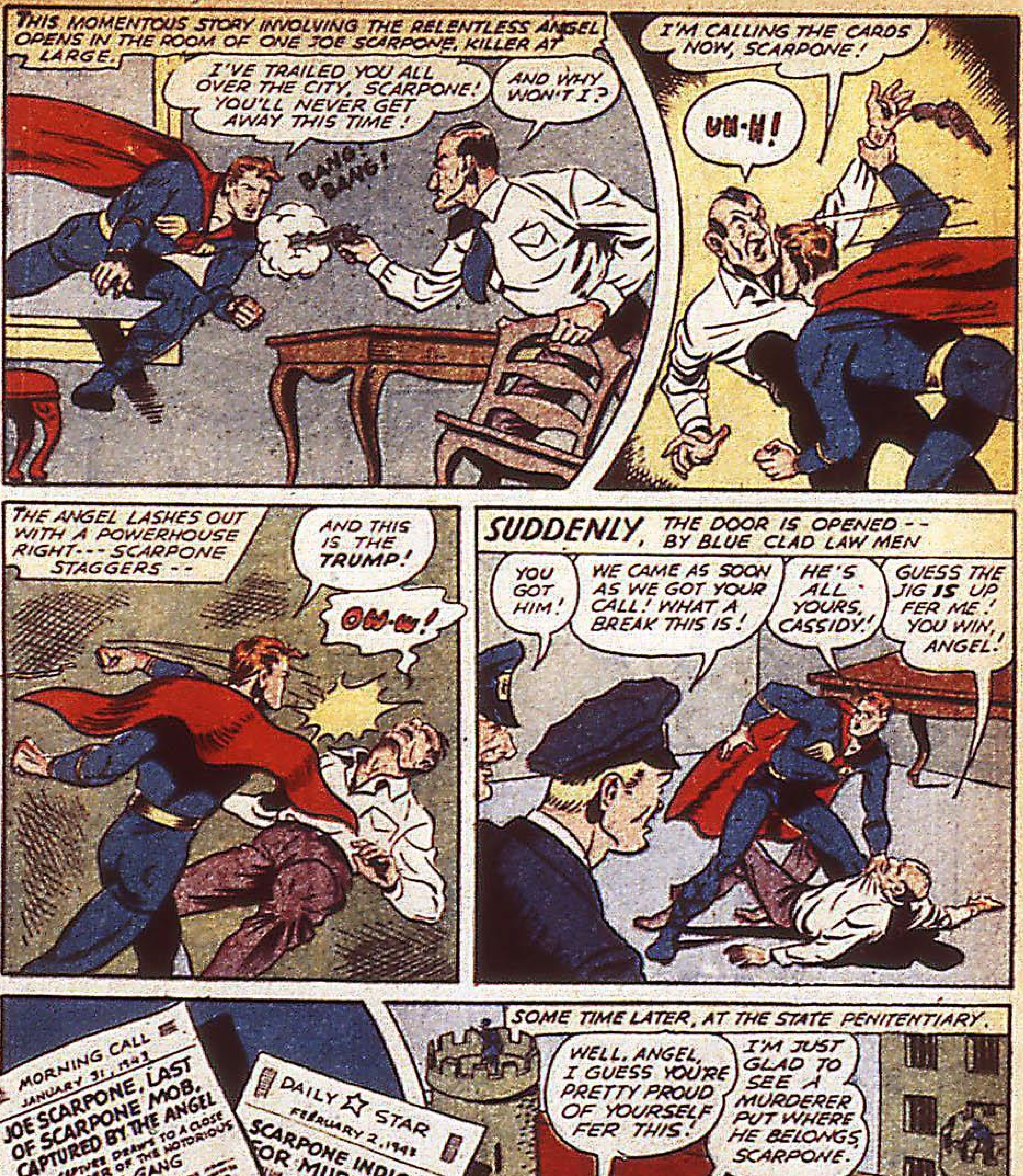

WITH AMAZING SWIFTNESS, VON SCHMEER GATHERS TOGETHER WIRES, A CLOCK, AND SOME EXPLOSIVES. THEN - - -
OUR NEXT STOP IS THE OLD MULLIN'S WAREHOUSE NEAR THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. THERE WE MEET MORE NAZIS! TOO BAD YOU CAN'T COME!
WHY DO YOU TELL HIM?
BECAUSE MY HOME-MADE TIME BOMB NEVER FAILS - - - AND IT IS SET TO GO OFF IN EXACTLY FIFTEEN MINUTES!
A NICE KETTLE OF FISH!
DOT WATERPROOF TIME BOMB ISS VONDERFUL, VON SCHMEER!
JA! A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED AT THE SCHOOL FOR SABOTEURS!
TICK! TICK! TICK!
SECONDS LATER.. SUBMARINER IS CARRIED OUTSIDE AND DUMPED OVERBOARD!
NOW WE GO TO MULLIN'S WAREHOUSE WITH NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!
TICK! TICK! TICK!
SPLASH!
ON THE BOTTOM OF THE CANAL, SUBMARINER PRACTICALLY TRIES TO RID HIMSELF OF THE TIME BOMB!
WHEW! 10 MINUTES LEFT!
TICK! TICK! TICK!
MINUTES TICK PAST LIKE QUICKENING HEARTBEATS-- --AND - - -
IF I CAN ONLY GET THESE HANDCUFFS OFF IN TIME!
DESPERATELY HE STRUGGLES.. AS THE CLOCK SPEEDS ON..
TICK! TICK!

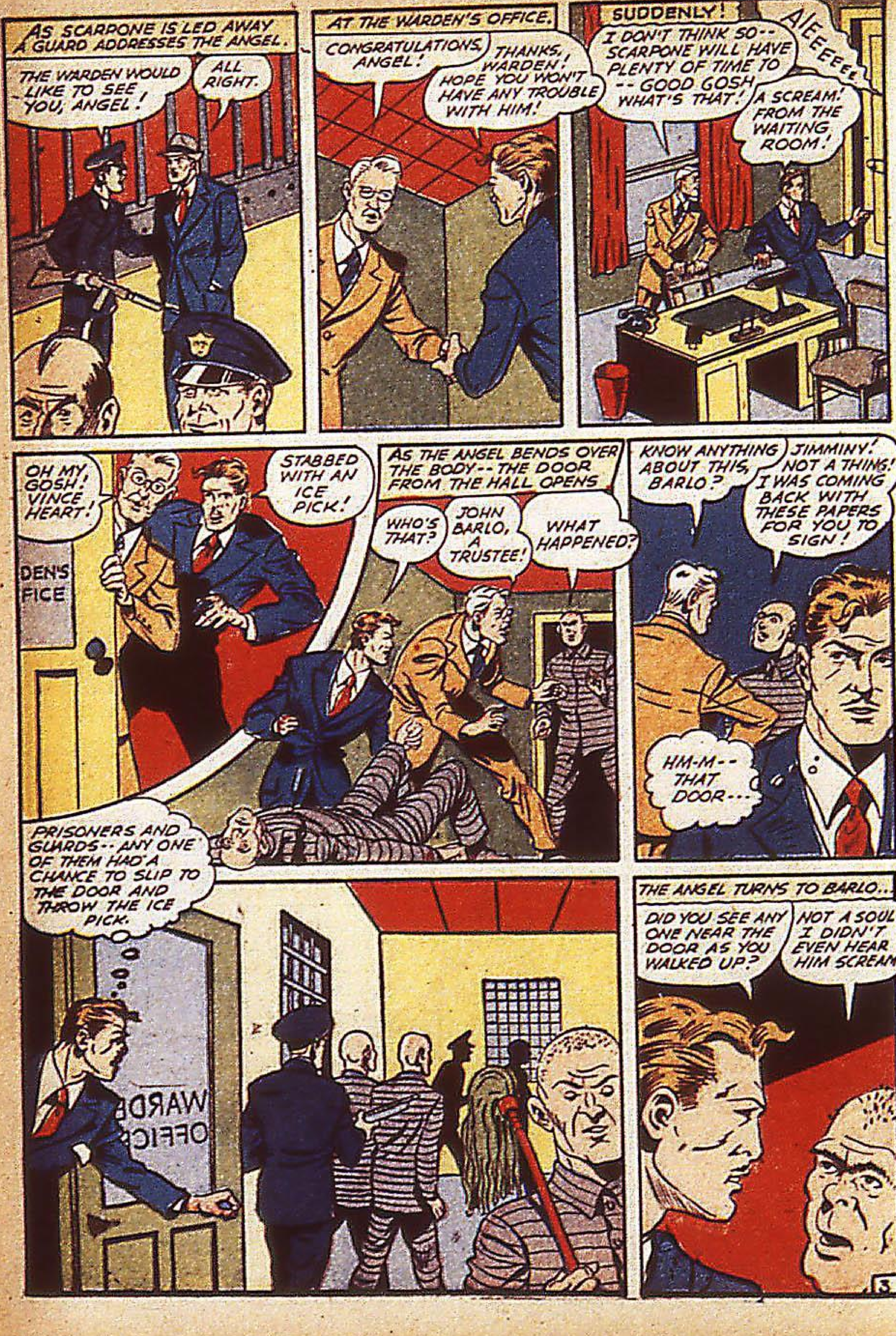

THEN...
20 SECONDS TO GO.. UH! HOPE I CAN STILL MAKE IT!
TICK! TICK!
JUST AS HE REACHES THE SURFACE!
BOOM!
WHEW!
WITH A SWIFT SIGH OF RELIEF, SUBMARINER TURNS TO THE WORK AT HAND.
FIRST I'LL CALL THE F.B.I--- THEN FULL SPEED AHEAD TO THE OLD MULLIN'S WAREHOUSE!
MEANWHILE, IN AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE OVERLOOKING THE EAST RIVER --- NEAR THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.
DER WAVE-LENGTH MUST BE CHANGED?
JA! I WILL FIX IT FOR YOU.
MULLIN'S WAREHOUS
THE NIMBLE, WELL-TRAINED FINGERS OF VON SCHMEER, SET TO WORK AND, MINUTES LATER---
THERE! EVERYTHING IS READY!
REMARKABLE! ONLY A GENIUS COULD WORK SO QUICKLY, VON SCHMEER!
NOW I WILL KEEP MY PROMISE AND ANNOUNCE TO BERLIN THAT SUBMARINER IS DEAD! I, VON SCHMEER, HAVE KILLED HIM!
NDING
CLIC

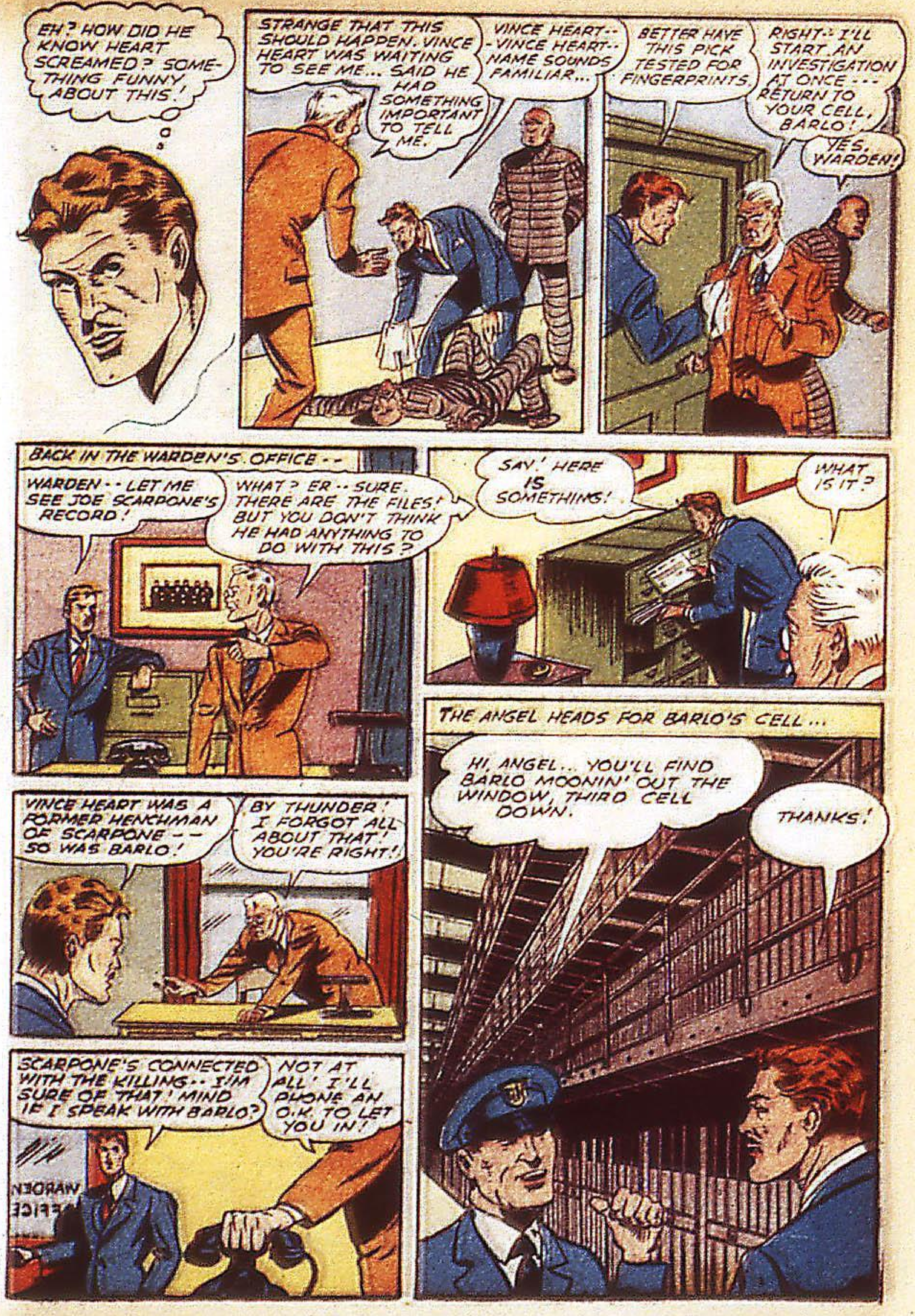

ON THE NEW SECRET WAVE-LENGTH, VON SCHMEER TRIES TO MAKE CONTACT!
CALLING THE GESTAPO! ---CALLING HEINRICH HIMMLER! ---VON SCHMEER CALLING HEINRICH HIMMLER!
RECEIVING
SENDING
But ---
VON SCHMEER CALLING HEINRICH HIMMLER --- VON ---
SUBMARINER CALLING VON SCHMEER ---
WITH THIS!
HELLO, VON SCHMEER! GESTAPO SPEAKING!
THIS IS DER GESTAPO-- VON SCHMEER --- STAND BY!
HUH?
I MUST SHUT IT OFF! HIMMLER MUST NOT KNOW MY FAILURE!
THIS IS HEINRICH HIMMLER SPEAKING, VON SCHMEER! --- WHAT ISS THE MESSAGE FROM AMERICA??
THE MESSAGE IS ---
PHFFFFFFT! ---RIGHT IN DER FEUHRER'S FACE!!!

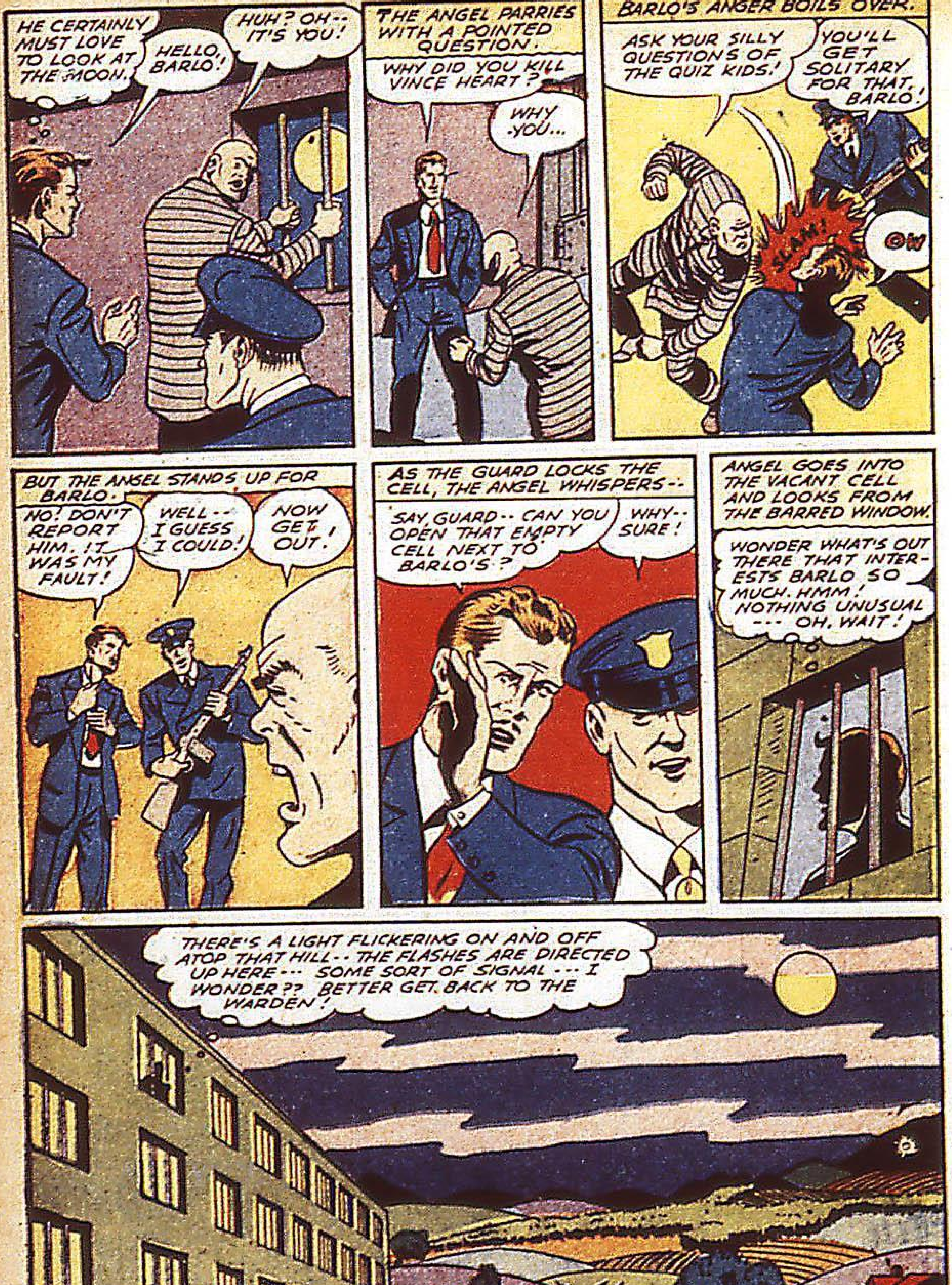

A SECOND LATER---
PUT YOUR HANDS UP-- HIGH!
THE F.B.I.!
THE HEAD SPY MAKES A DESPERATE MOVE---
SO, VON SCHMEER THINKS HE'S LEAVING!
BUT NOT FOR LONG!
ACH! SUBMARINER IS EVERYWHERE!
IT'S TIME TO CLEAN YOU UP!
SPLASH!
IN A FEW MINUTES SUBMARINER RETURNS TO THE WAREHOUSE WITH HIS CAPTIVE!..
NOW THAT WE KNOW THE NEW WAVELENGTH, WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE IN MAKING THE BIGGEST NAZI ROUNDUP IN HISTORY, SUBMARINER! GREAT WORK!
But, AS VON SCHMEER IS ABOUT TO BE LED AWAY!
TELL ME! HOW DID YOU GET ON MY TRAIL?
YOU FORGOT ONE THING, VON SCHMEER!
WHEN A GUY JUMPS OFF A SINKING SHIP --- HE ALWAYS GETS HIS HAIR WET!
SUBMARINER CAN SPOT THE FAKES A LONG WAY OFF AND HE ALWAYS KNOWS HOW TO TACKLE THEM! WATCH HOW HE DOES IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SUBMARINER COMICS AND IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!

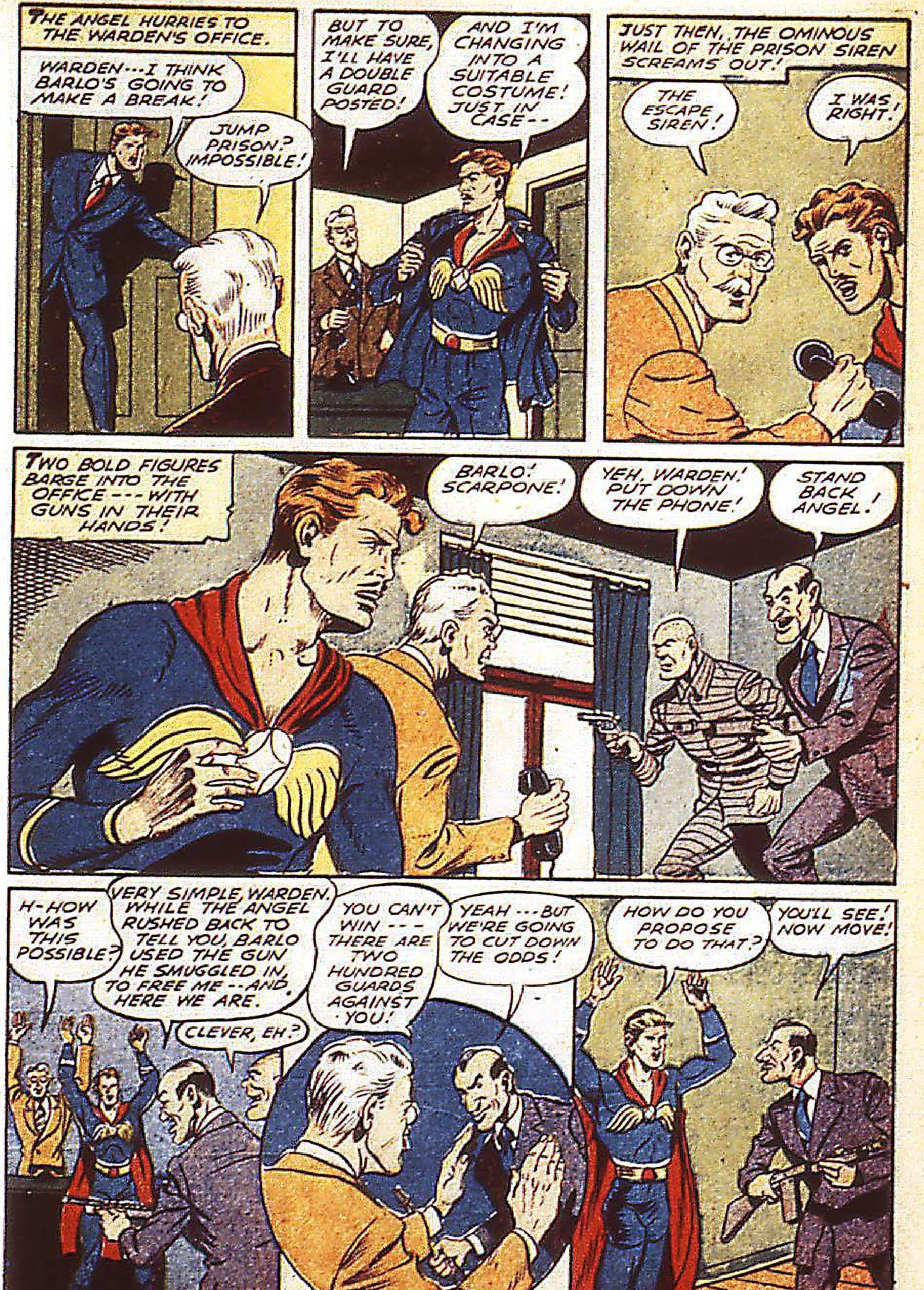

THE ANGEL
"KILLER'S LAST STAND"

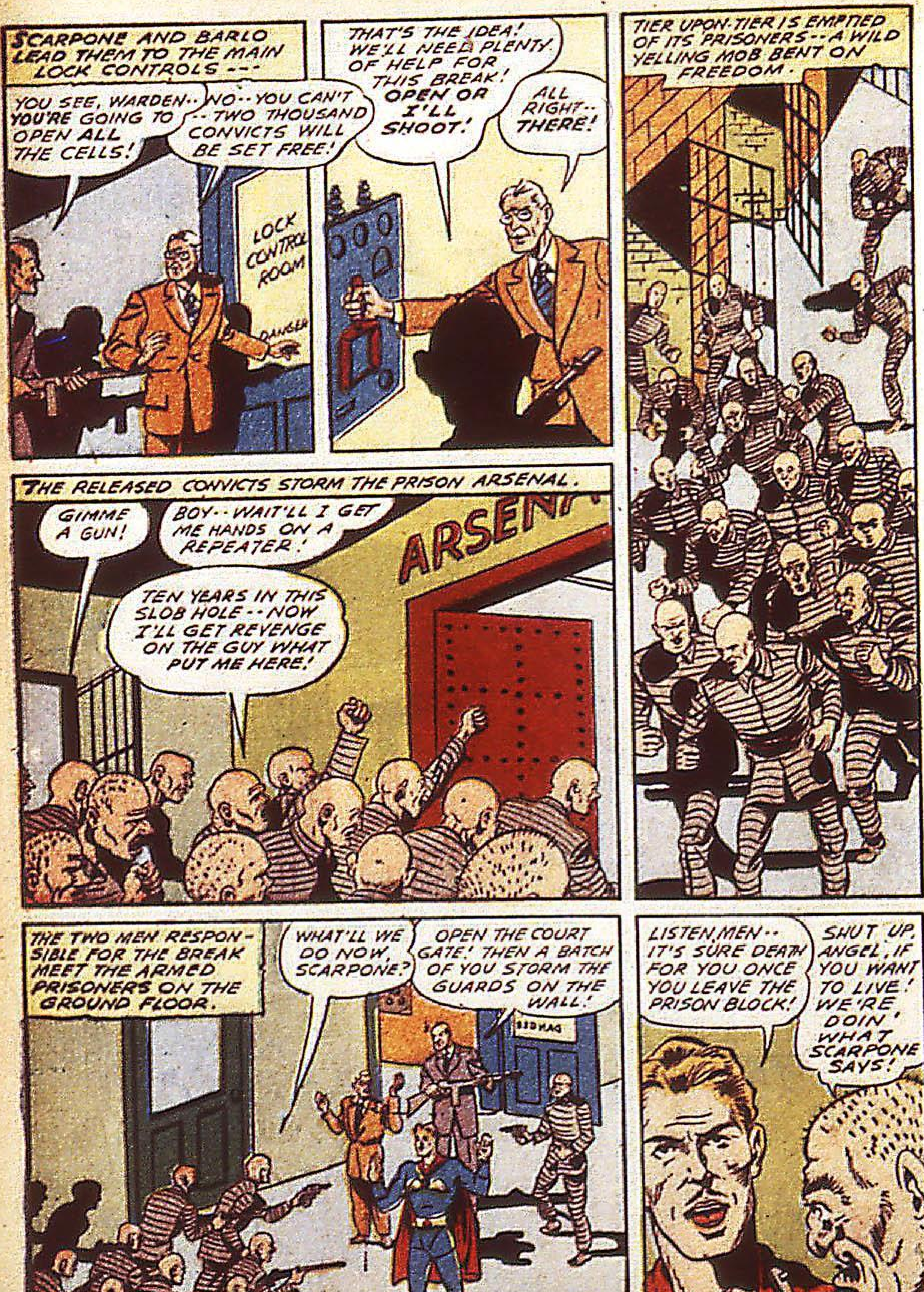

THIS MOMENTOUS STORY INVOLVING THE RELENTLESS ANGEL OPENS IN THE ROOM OF ONE JOE SCARPONE, KILLER AT LARGE.
I'VE TRAILED YOU ALL OVER THE CITY, SCARPONE! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY THIS TIME!
AND WHY WON'T I?
BANG! BANG!
I'M CALLING THE CARDS NOW, SCARPONE!
UH-H!
THE ANGEL LASHES OUT WITH A POWERHOUSE RIGHT--- SCARPONE STAGGERS --
AND THIS IS THE TRUMP!
OW-W!
SUDDENLY, THE DOOR IS OPENED -- BY BLUE CLAD LAW MEN
YOU GOT HIM!
WE CAME AS SOON AS WE GOT YOUR CALL! WHAT A BREAK THIS IS!
HE'S ALL YOURS, CASSIDY!
GUESS THE JIG IS UP FER ME! YOU WIN, ANGEL!
MORNING CALL
JANUARY 31, 1943
JOE SCARPONE, LAST OF SCARPONE MOB, CAPTURED BY THE ANGEL
THIS CAPTURE DRAWS TO A CLOSE THE CAREER OF THE NOTORIOUS SCARPONE GANG
DAILY STAR
FEBRUARY 2, 1943
SCARPONE INDICTED FOR MURDER
EVENING HERALD
MARCH 9, 1943
SCARPONE TRIAL CLOSES JURY OUT FOR VERDICT
THE WORLD
MARCH 10, 1943
SCARPONE GUILTY SENTENCED TO LIFE
SOME TIME LATER, AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY.
WELL, ANGEL, I GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY PROUD OF YOURSELF FER THIS!
I'M JUST GLAD TO SEE A MURDERER PUT WHERE HE BELONGS, SCARPONE.

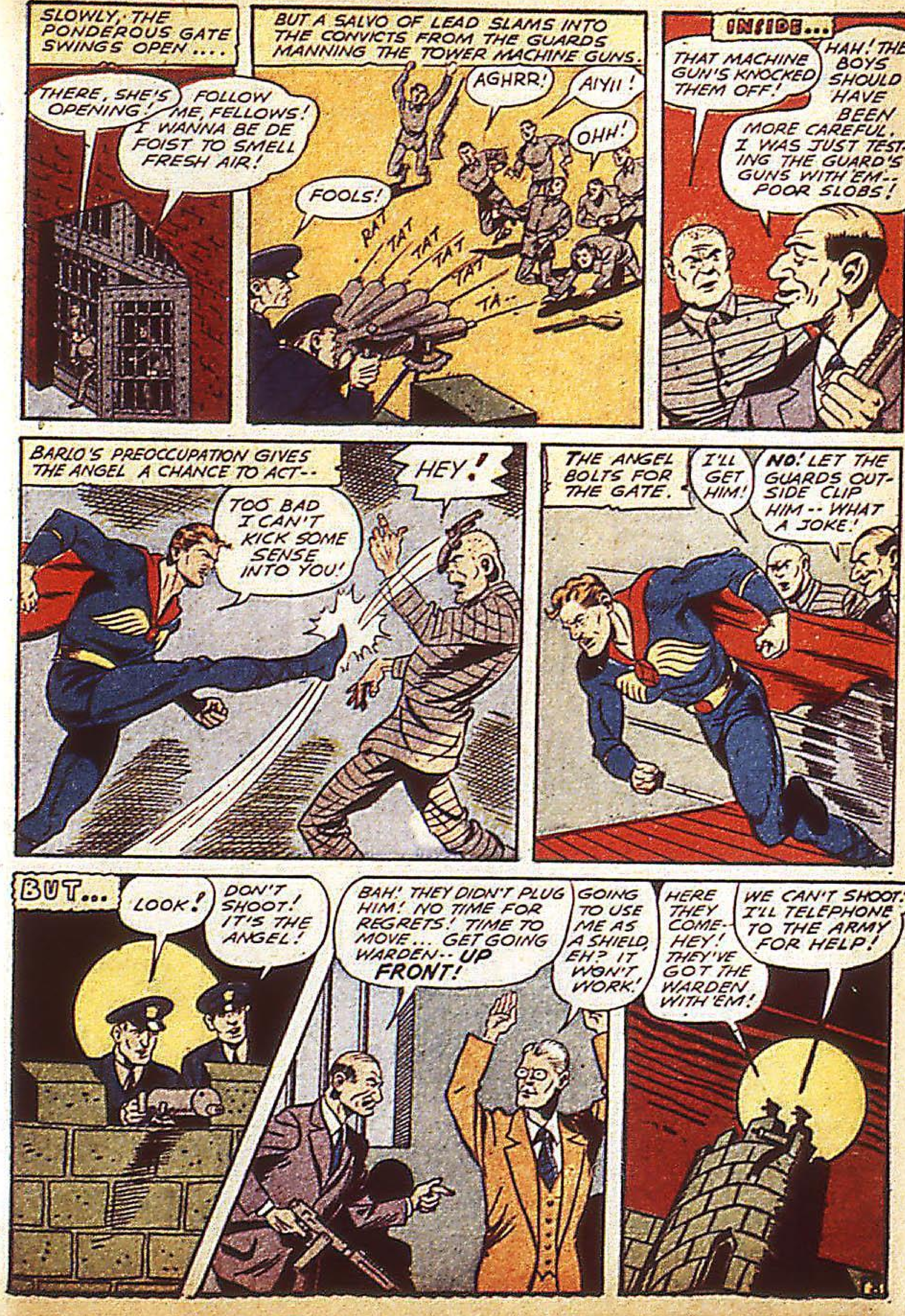

AS SCARPONE IS LED AWAY A GUARD ADDRESSES THE ANGEL.
THE WARDEN WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU, ANGEL!
ALL RIGHT.
AT THE WARDEN'S OFFICE.
CONGRATULATIONS, ANGEL!
THANKS, WARDEN! HOPE YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM!
SUDDENLY!
I DON'T THINK SO-- SCARPONE WILL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO -- GOOD GOSH WHAT'S THAT!
AIEEEEEE
A SCREAM! FROM THE WAITING ROOM!
OH MY GOSH! VINCE HEART!
STABBED WITH AN ICE PICK!
DEN'S
FICE
AS THE ANGEL BENDS OVER THE BODY--THE DOOR FROM THE HALL OPENS
WHO'S THAT?
JOHN BARLO, A TRUSTEE!
WHAT HAPPENED?
KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, BARLO?
JIMMINY! NOT A THING! I WAS COMING BACK WITH THESE PAPERS FOR YOU TO SIGN!
HM-M-- THAT DOOR---
PRISONERS AND GUARDS-- ANY ONE OF THEM HAD A CHANCE TO SLIP TO THE DOOR AND THROW THE ICE PICK.
THE ANGEL TURNS TO BARLO...
DID YOU SEE ANY ONE NEAR THE DOOR AS YOU WALKED UP?
NOT A SOUL! I DIDN'T EVEN HEAR HIM SCREAM!

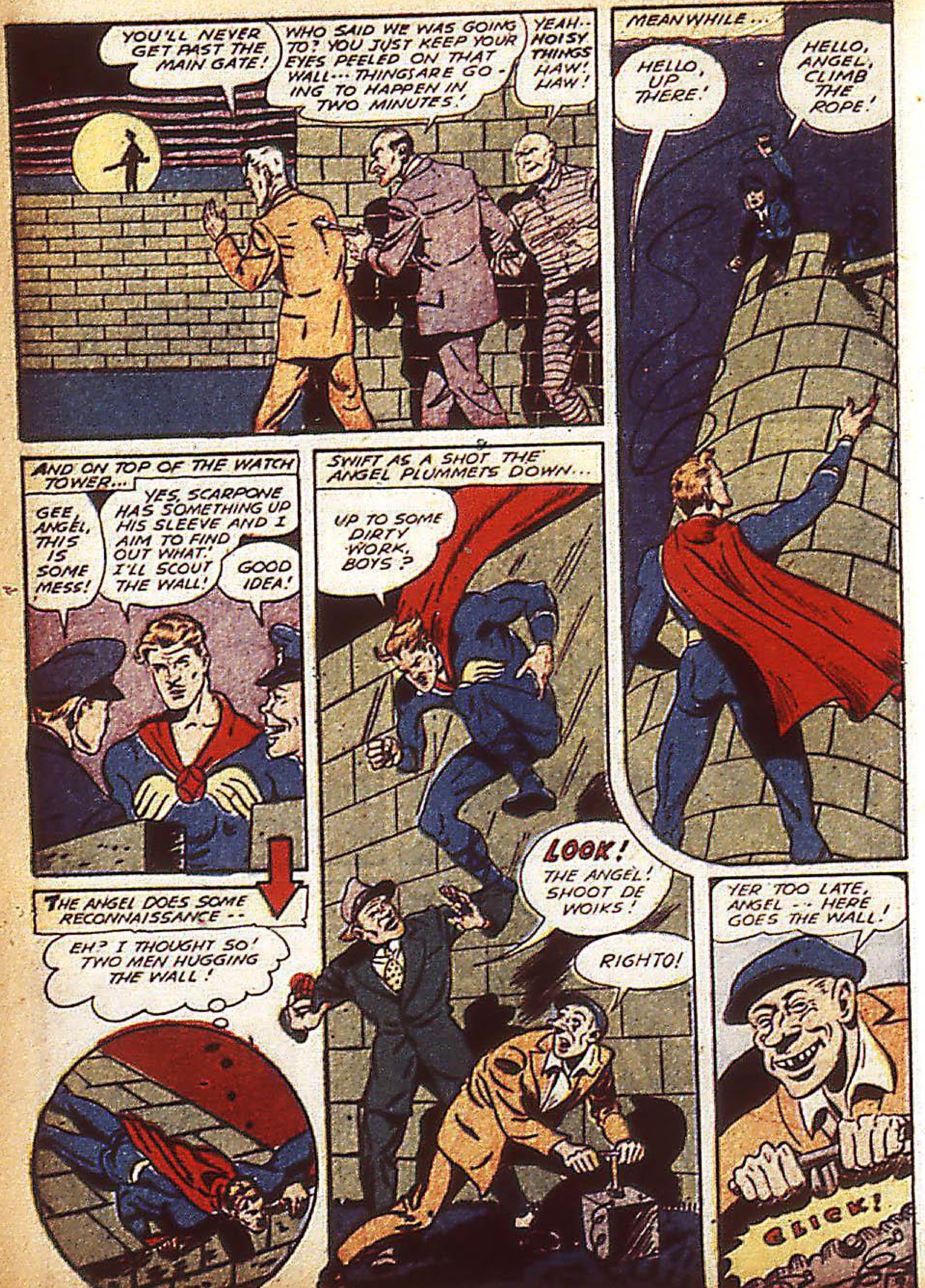

EH? HOW DID HE KNOW HEART SCREAMED? SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS!
STRANGE THAT THIS SHOULD HAPPEN. VINCE HEART WAS WAITING TO SEE ME... SAID HE HAD SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL ME.
VINCE HEART-- -VINCE HEART-- NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR...
BETTER HAVE THIS PICK TESTED FOR FINGERPRINTS.
RIGHT-- I'LL START AN INVESTIGATION AT ONCE--- RETURN TO YOUR CELL, BARLO!
YES, WARDEN!
BACK IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE--
WARDEN--LET ME SEE JOE SCARPONE'S RECORD!
WHAT? ER--SURE. THERE ARE THE FILES! BUT YOU DON'T THINK HE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS?
SAY! HERE IS SOMETHING!
WHAT IS IT?
VINCE HEART WAS A FORMER HENCHMAN OF SCARPONE -- SO WAS BARLO!
BY THUNDER! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THAT! YOU'RE RIGHT!
SCARPONE'S CONNECTED WITH THE KILLING-- I'M SURE OF THAT! MIND IF I SPEAK WITH BARLO?
NOT AT ALL! I'LL PHONE AN O.K. TO LET YOU IN!
WARDEN OFFICE
THE ANGEL HEADS FOR BARLO'S CELL...
HI, ANGEL... YOU'LL FIND BARLO MOONIN' OUT THE WINDOW, THIRD CELL DOWN.
THANKS!

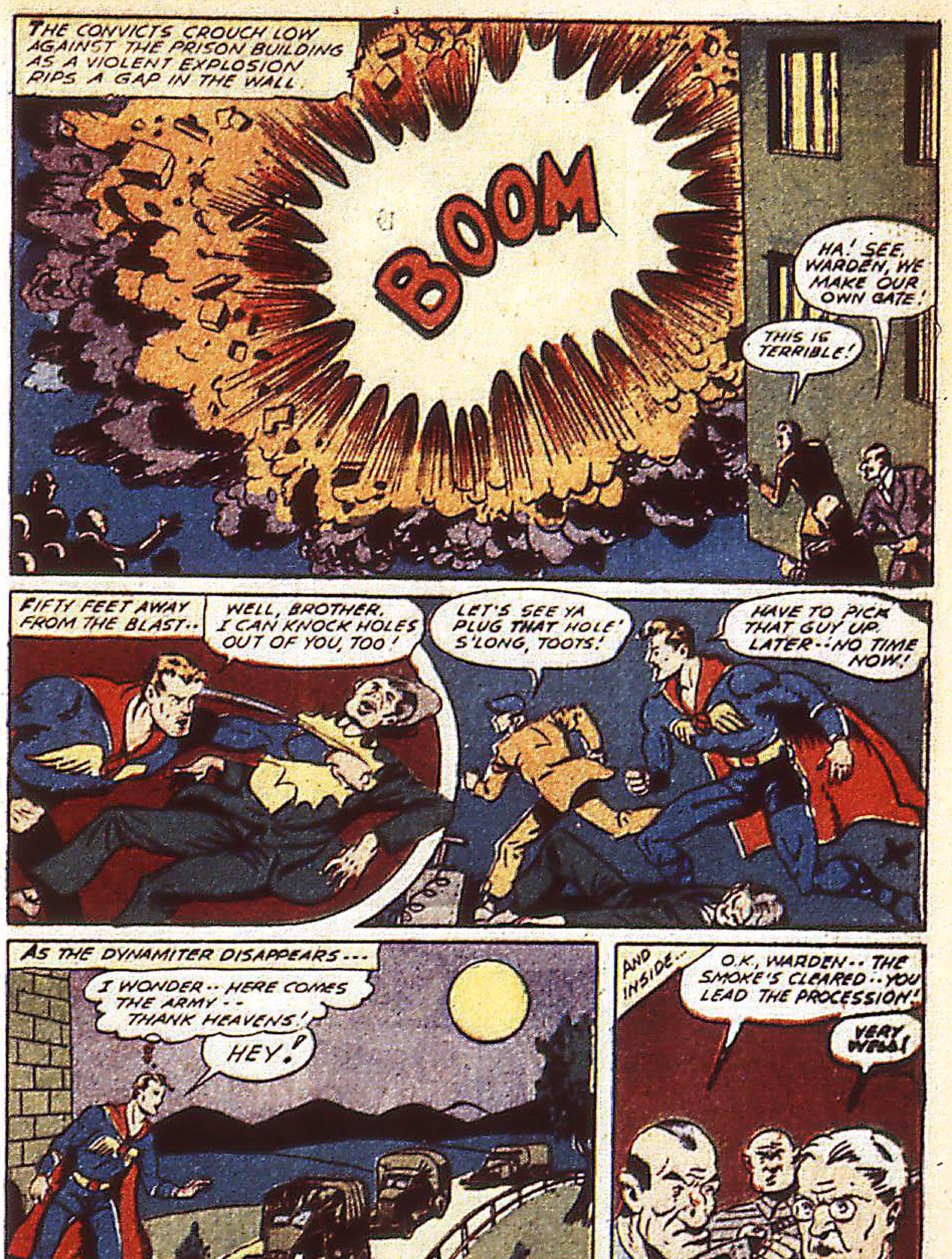

HE CERTAINLY MUST LOVE TO LOOK AT THE MOON.
HELLO, BARLO!
HUH? OH-- IT'S YOU!
THE ANGEL PARRIES WITH A POINTED QUESTION.
WHY DID YOU KILL VINCE HEART?
WHY YOU...
BARLO'S ANGER BOILS OVER.
ASK YOUR SILLY QUESTIONS OF THE QUIZ KIDS!
YOU'LL GET SOLITARY FOR THAT, BARLO!
SLAM!
OW
BUT THE ANGEL STANDS UP FOR BARLO.
NO! DON'T REPORT HIM. IT WAS MY FAULT!
WELL -- I GUESS I COULD!
NOW GET OUT!
AS THE GUARD LOCKS THE CELL, THE ANGEL WHISPERS --
SAY, GUARD -- CAN YOU OPEN THAT EMPTY CELL NEXT TO BARLO'S?
WHY -- SURE!
ANGEL GOES INTO THE VACANT CELL AND LOOKS FROM THE BARRED WINDOW.
WONDER WHAT'S OUT THERE THAT INTERESTS BARLO SO MUCH. HMM! NOTHING UNUSUAL --- OH, WAIT!
THERE'S A LIGHT FLICKERING ON AND OFF ATOP THAT HILL -- THE FLASHES ARE DIRECTED UP HERE --- SOME SORT OF SIGNAL --- I WONDER?? BETTER GET BACK TO THE WARDEN!

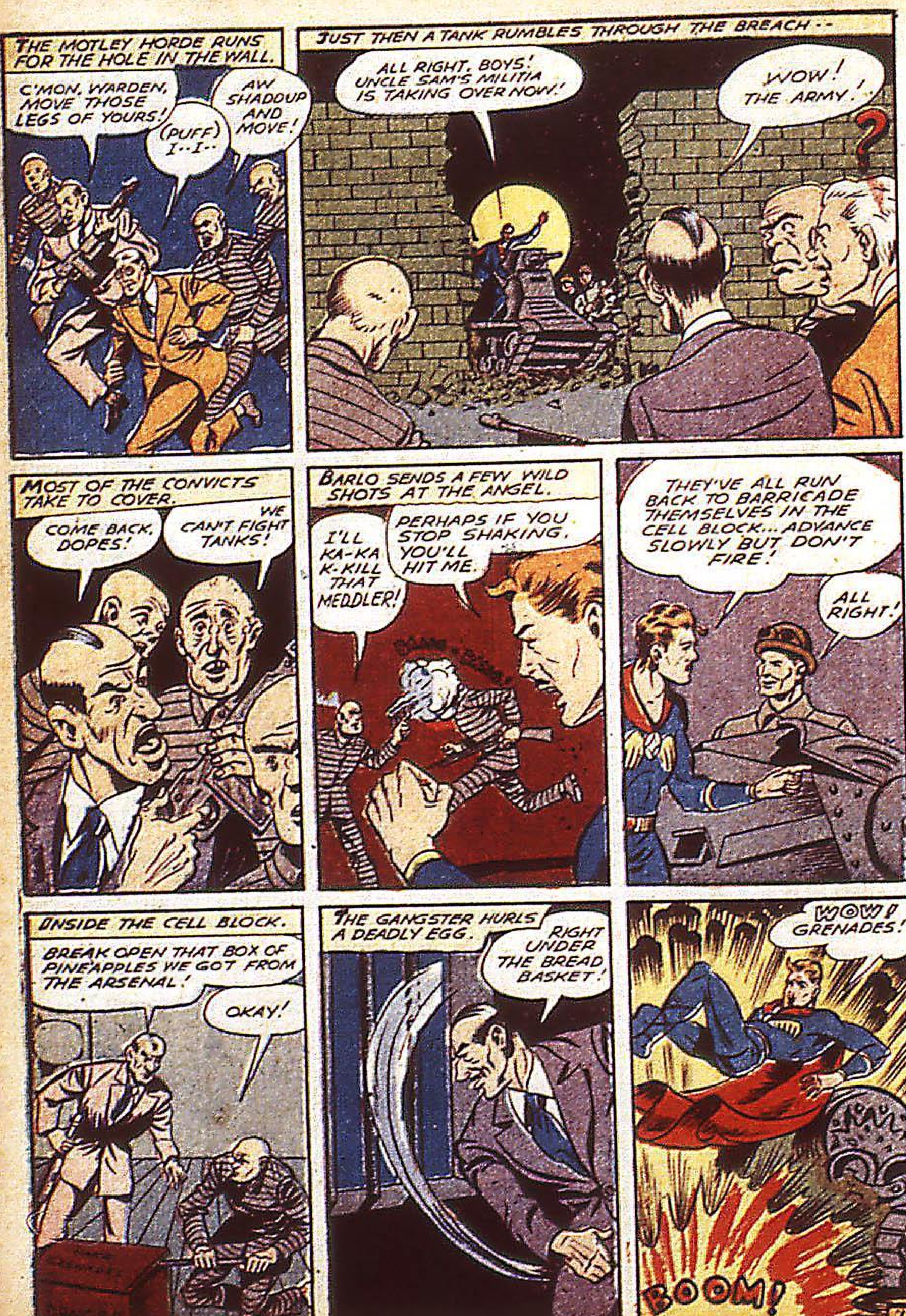

THE ANGEL HURRIES TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE.
WARDEN... I THINK BARLO'S GOING TO MAKE A BREAK!
JUMP PRISON? IMPOSSIBLE!
BUT TO MAKE SURE, I'LL HAVE A DOUBLE GUARD POSTED!
AND I'M CHANGING INTO A SUITABLE COSTUME! JUST IN CASE--
JUST THEN, THE OMINOUS WAIL OF THE PRISON SIREN SCREAMS OUT!
THE ESCAPE SIREN!
I WAS RIGHT!
TWO BOLD FIGURES BARGE INTO THE OFFICE --- WITH GUNS IN THEIR HANDS!
BARLO! SCARPONE!
YEH, WARDEN! PUT DOWN THE PHONE!
STAND BACK ANGEL!
H-HOW WAS THIS POSSIBLE?
VERY SIMPLE, WARDEN. WHILE THE ANGEL RUSHED BACK TO TELL YOU, BARLO USED THE GUN HE SMUGGLED IN, TO FREE ME -- AND HERE WE ARE.
CLEVER, EH?
YOU CAN'T WIN --- THERE ARE TWO HUNDRED GUARDS AGAINST YOU!
YEAH ... BUT WE'RE GOING TO CUT DOWN THE ODDS!
HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO THAT?
YOU'LL SEE! NOW MOVE!

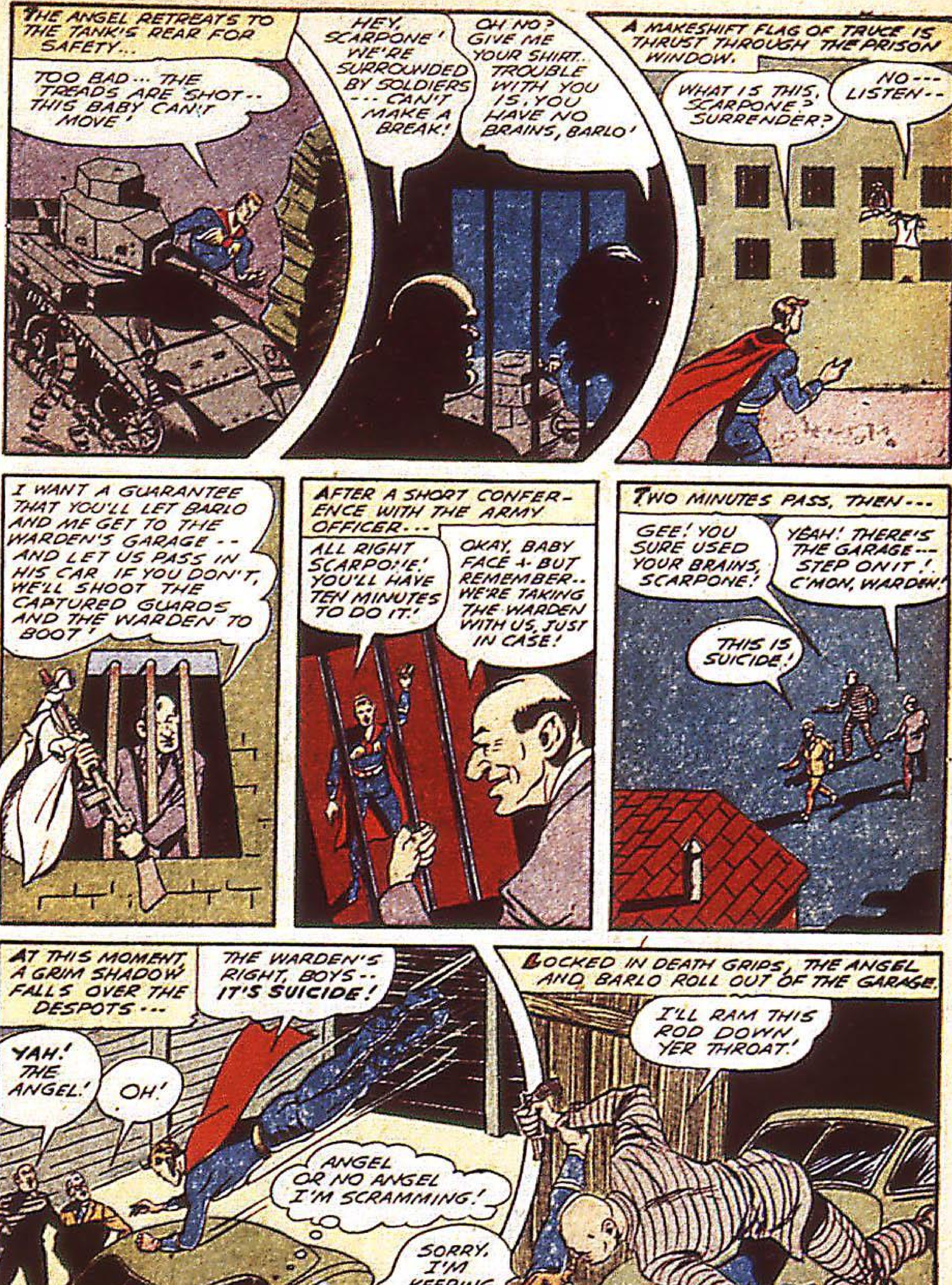

SCARPONE AND BARLO LEAD THEM TO THE MAIN LOCK CONTROLS ---
YOU SEE, WARDEN.. YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN ALL THE CELLS!
NO -- YOU CAN'T -- TWO THOUSAND CONVICTS WILL BE SET FREE!
LOCK CONTROL ROOM
DANGER
THAT'S THE IDEA! WE'LL NEED PLENTY OF HELP FOR THIS BREAK! OPEN OR I'LL SHOOT!
ALL RIGHT.. THERE!
TIER UPON TIER IS EMPTIED OF ITS PRISONERS -- A WILD YELLING MOB BENT ON FREEDOM.
THE RELEASED CONVICTS STORM THE PRISON ARSENAL.
GIMME A GUN!
BOY -- WAIT'LL I GET ME HANDS ON A REPEATER!
ARSEN
TEN YEARS IN THIS SLOB HOLE -- NOW I'LL GET REVENGE ON THE GUY WHAT PUT ME HERE!
THE TWO MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BREAK MEET THE ARMED PRISONERS ON THE GROUND FLOOR.
WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, SCARPONE?
OPEN THE COURT GATE! THEN A BATCH OF YOU STORM THE GUARDS ON THE WALL!
LISTEN, MEN -- IT'S SURE DEATH FOR YOU ONCE YOU LEAVE THE PRISON BLOCK!
SHUT UP, ANGEL, IF YOU WANT TO LIVE! WE'RE DOIN' WHAT SCARPONE SAYS!

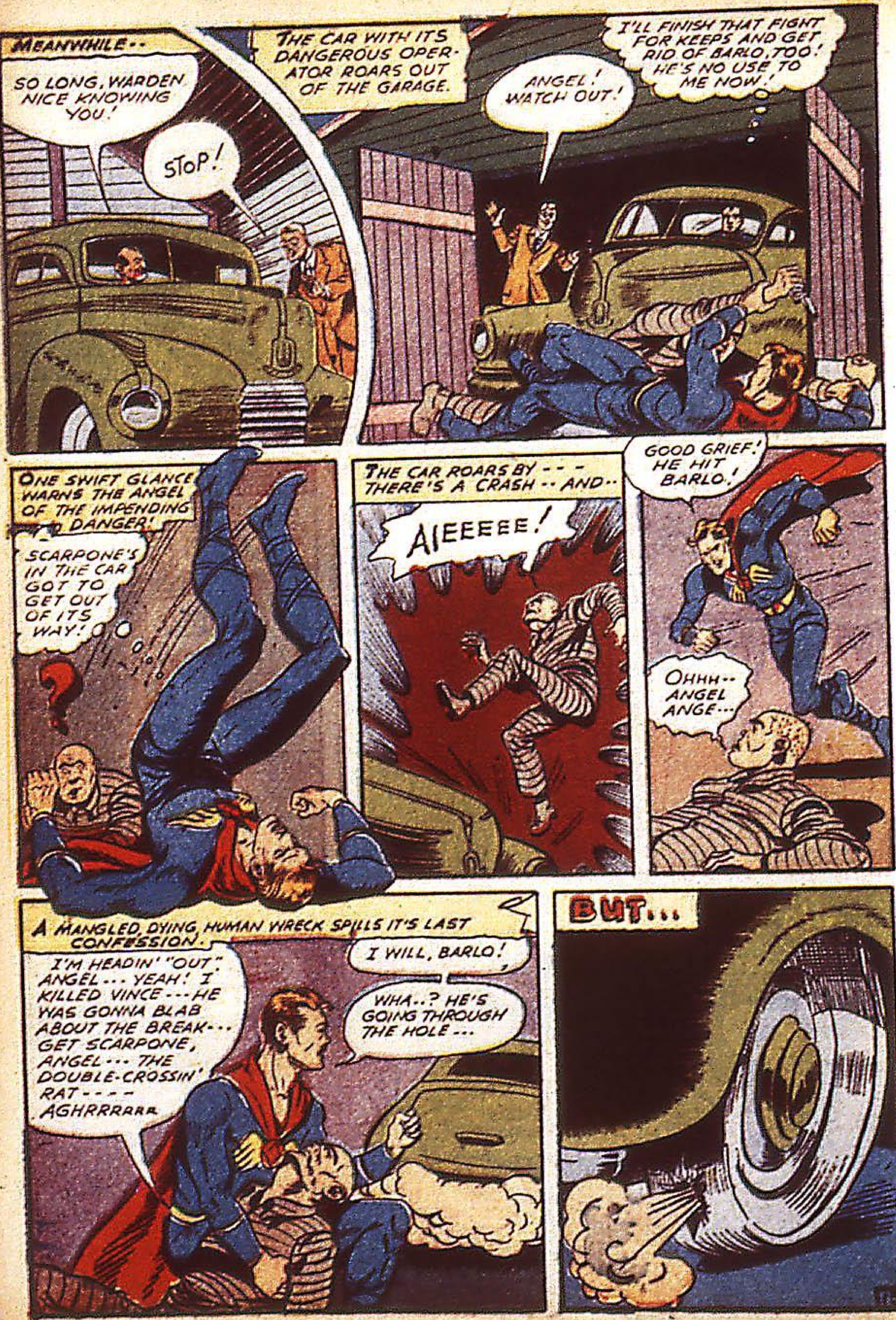

SLOWLY, THE PONDEROUS GATE SWINGS OPEN....
THERE, SHE'S OPENING!
FOLLOW ME, FELLOWS! I WANNA BE DE FOIST TO SMELL FRESH AIR!
BUT A SALVO OF LEAD SLAMS INTO THE CONVICTS FROM THE GUARDS MANNING THE TOWER MACHINE GUNS.
AGHRR!
AIYII!
OHH!
FOOLS!
RAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TA..
INSIDE...
THAT MACHINE GUN'S KNOCKED THEM OFF!
HAH! THE BOYS SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL. I WAS JUST TESTING THE GUARD'S GUNS WITH 'EM-- POOR SLOBS!
BARLO'S PREOCCUPATION GIVES THE ANGEL A CHANCE TO ACT--
HEY!
TOO BAD I CAN'T KICK SOME SENSE INTO YOU!
THE ANGEL BOLTS FOR THE GATE.
I'LL GET HIM!
NO! LET THE GUARDS OUTSIDE CLIP HIM -- WHAT A JOKE!
BUT...
LOOK!
DON'T SHOOT! IT'S THE ANGEL!
BAH! THEY DIDN'T PLUG HIM! NO TIME FOR REGRETS! TIME TO MOVE... GET GOING WARDEN-- UP FRONT!
GOING TO USE ME AS A SHIELD, EH? IT WON'T WORK!
HERE THEY COME- HEY! THEY'VE GOT THE WARDEN WITH 'EM!
WE CAN'T SHOOT! I'LL TELEPHONE TO THE ARMY FOR HELP!

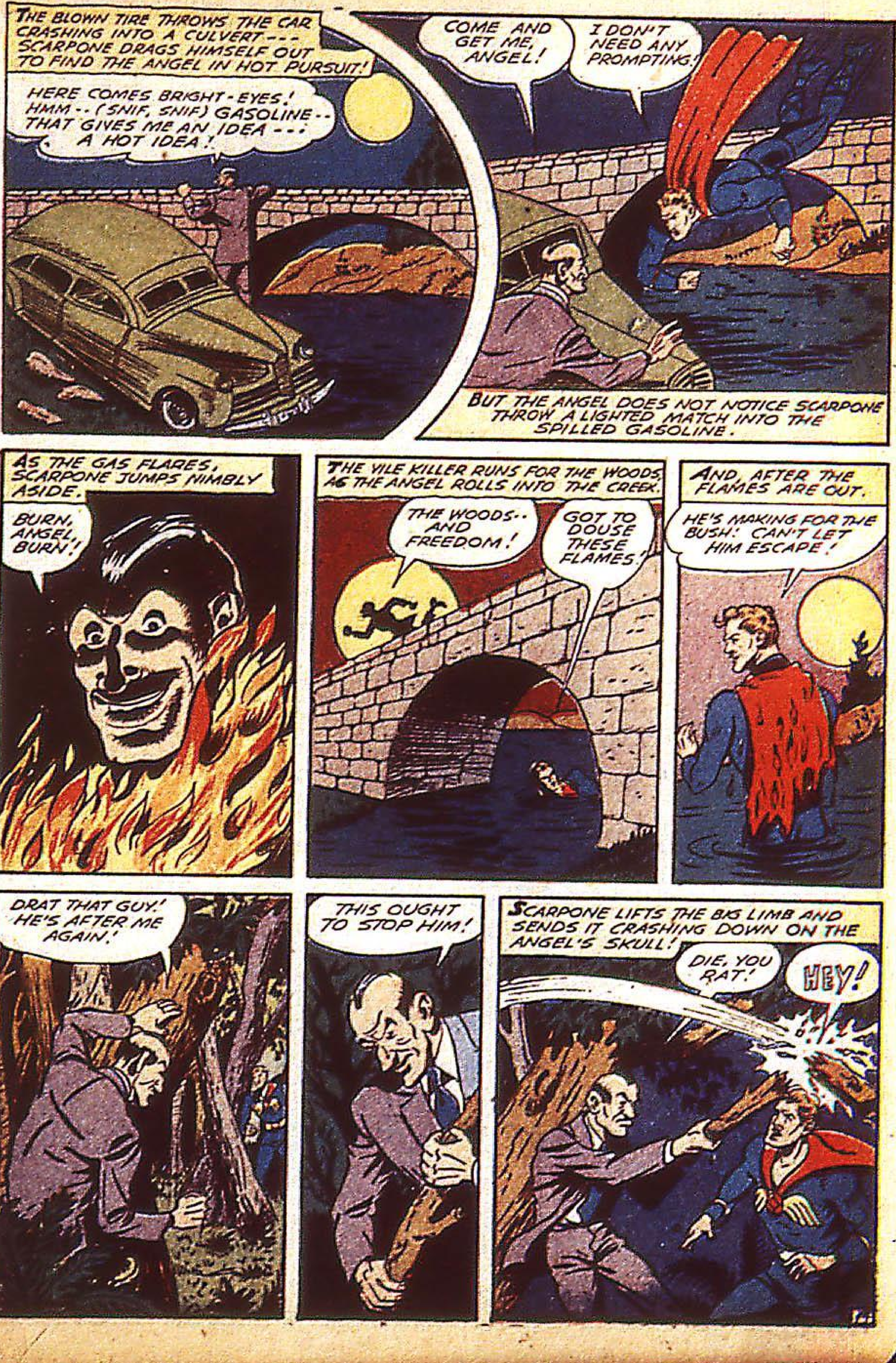

YOU'LL NEVER GET PAST THE MAIN GATE!
WHO SAID WE WAS GOING TO? YOU JUST KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED ON THAT WALL... THINGS ARE GOING TO HAPPEN IN TWO MINUTES!
YEAH.. NOISY THINGS HAW! HAW!
MEANWHILE...
HELLO, UP THERE!
HELLO, ANGEL, CLIMB THE ROPE!
AND ON TOP OF THE WATCH TOWER...
GEE, ANGEL, THIS IS SOME MESS!
YES, SCARPONE HAS SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE AND I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT! I'LL SCOUT THE WALL!
GOOD IDEA!
THE ANGEL DOES SOME RECONNAISSANCE --
EH? I THOUGHT SO! TWO MEN HUGGING THE WALL!
SWIFT AS A SHOT THE ANGEL PLUMMETS DOWN...
UP TO SOME DIRTY WORK, BOYS?
LOOK! THE ANGEL! SHOOT DE WOIKS!
RIGHTO!
YER TOO LATE, ANGEL -- HERE GOES THE WALL!
CLICK!

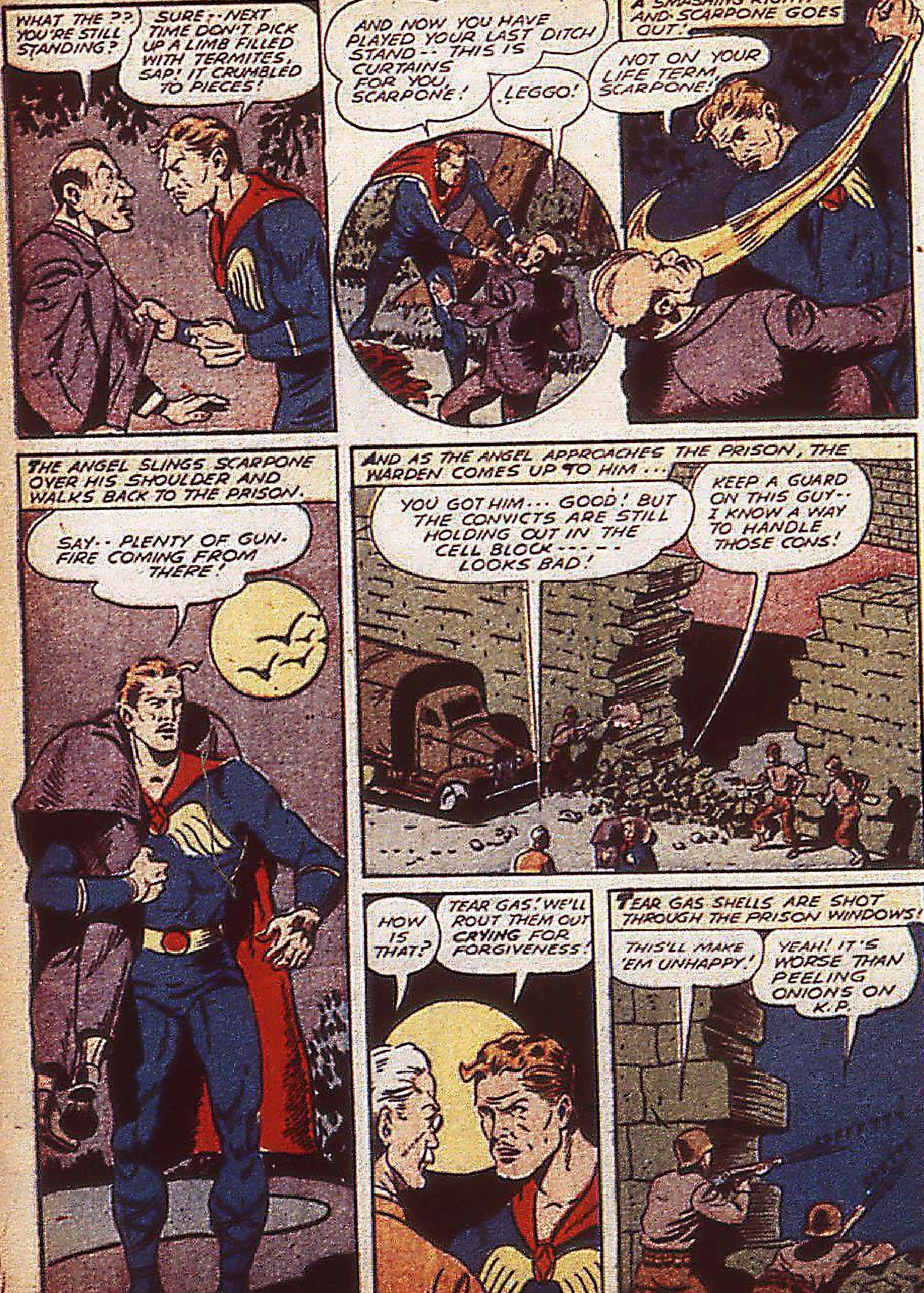

THE CONVICTS CROUCH LOW AGAINST THE PRISON BUILDING AS A VIOLENT EXPLOSION RIPS A GAP IN THE WALL.
BOOM
HA! SEE, WARDEN, WE MAKE OUR OWN GATE!
THIS IS TERRIBLE!
FIFTY FEET AWAY FROM THE BLAST..
WELL, BROTHER. I CAN KNOCK HOLES OUT OF YOU, TOO!
LET'S SEE YA PLUG THAT HOLE! S'LONG, TOOTS!
HAVE TO PICK THAT GUY UP LATER--NO TIME NOW!
AS THE DYNAMITER DISAPPEARS ---
I WONDER.. HERE COMES THE ARMY -- THANK HEAVENS!
HEY!
AND INSIDE...
O.K., WARDEN.. THE SMOKE'S CLEARED..YOU LEAD THE PROCESSION!
VERY WELL!

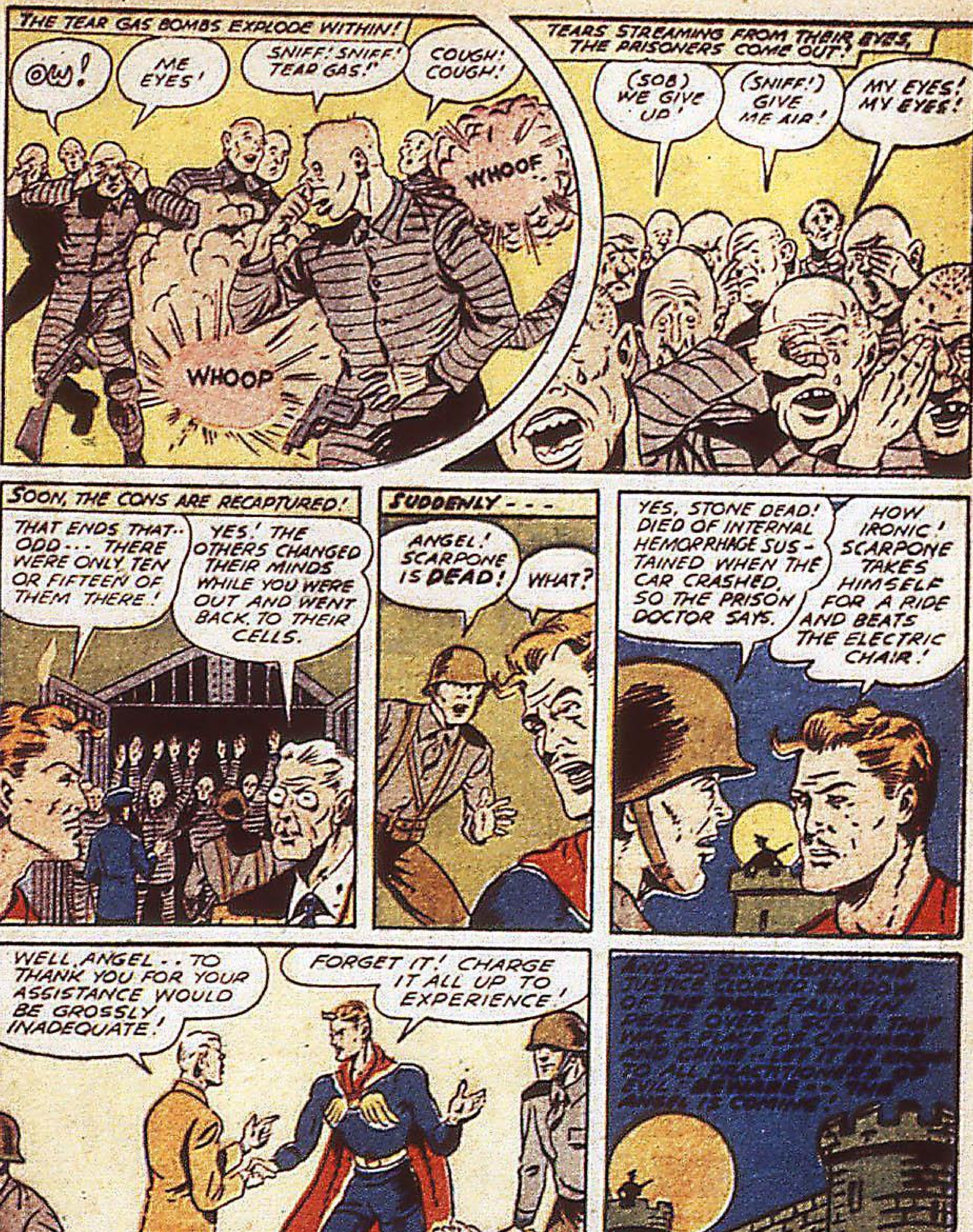

THE MOTLEY HORDE RUNS FOR THE HOLE IN THE WALL.
C'MON, WARDEN, MOVE THOSE LEGS OF YOURS!
(PUFF) I.. I..
AW SHADDUP AND MOVE!
JUST THEN A TANK RUMBLES THROUGH THE BREACH --
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! UNCLE SAM'S MILITIA IS TAKING OVER NOW!
WOW! THE ARMY!
?
MOST OF THE CONVICTS TAKE TO COVER.
COME BACK, DOPES!
WE CAN'T FIGHT TANKS!
BARLO SENDS A FEW WILD SHOTS AT THE ANGEL.
I'LL KA-KA K-KILL THAT MEDDLER!
PERHAPS IF YOU STOP SHAKING, YOU'LL HIT ME.
BLAM - BLAM!
THEY'VE ALL RUN BACK TO BARRICADE THEMSELVES IN THE CELL BLOCK... ADVANCE SLOWLY BUT DON'T FIRE!
ALL RIGHT!
INSIDE THE CELL BLOCK.
BREAK OPEN THAT BOX OF PINEAPPLES WE GOT FROM THE ARSENAL!
OKAY!
THE GANGSTER HURLS A DEADLY EGG.
RIGHT UNDER THE BREAD BASKET!
WOW! GRENADES!
BOOM!
7


THE ANGEL RETREATS TO THE TANK'S REAR FOR SAFETY...
TOO BAD... THE TREADS ARE SHOT-- THIS BABY CAN'T MOVE!
HEY, SCARPONE! WE'RE SURROUNDED BY SOLDIERS --- CAN'T MAKE A BREAK!
OH NO? GIVE ME YOUR SHIRT.. TROUBLE WITH YOU IS, YOU HAVE NO BRAINS, BARLO!
A MAKESHIFT FLAG OF TRUCE IS THRUST THROUGH THE PRISON WINDOW.
WHAT IS THIS, SCARPONE? SURRENDER?
NO--- LISTEN--
I WANT A GUARANTEE THAT YOU'LL LET BARLO AND ME GET TO THE WARDEN'S GARAGE -- AND LET US PASS IN HIS CAR. IF YOU DON'T, WE'LL SHOOT THE CAPTURED GUARDS AND THE WARDEN TO BOOT!
AFTER A SHORT CONFERENCE WITH THE ARMY OFFICER...
ALL RIGHT SCARPONE! YOU'LL HAVE TEN MINUTES TO DO IT!
OKAY, BABY FACE -- BUT REMEMBER.. WE'RE TAKING THE WARDEN WITH US, JUST IN CASE!
TWO MINUTES PASS, THEN---
GEE! YOU SURE USED YOUR BRAINS, SCARPONE!
YEAH! THERE'S THE GARAGE--- STEP ON IT! C'MON, WARDEN!
THIS IS SUICIDE!
AT THIS MOMENT, A GRIM SHADOW FALLS OVER THE DESPOTS---
THE WARDEN'S RIGHT, BOYS-- IT'S SUICIDE!
YAH! THE ANGEL!
OH!
ANGEL OR NO ANGEL I'M SCRAMMING!
SORRY, I'M KEEPING MY MOUTH CLOSED!
LOCKED IN DEATH GRIPS, THE ANGEL AND BARLO ROLL OUT OF THE GARAGE.
I'LL RAM THIS ROD DOWN YER THROAT!

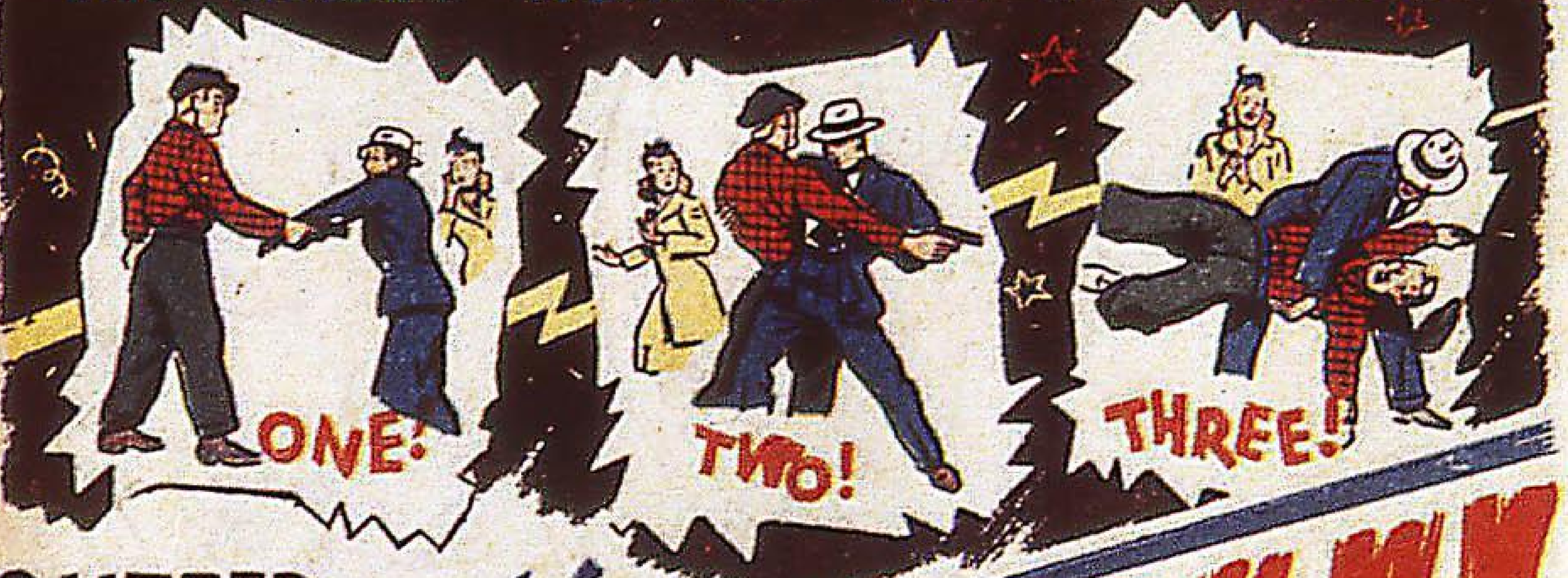

MEANWHILE..
SO LONG, WARDEN. NICE KNOWING YOU!
STOP!
THE CAR WITH ITS DANGEROUS OPERATOR ROARS OUT OF THE GARAGE.
ANGEL! WATCH OUT!
I'LL FINISH THAT FIGHT FOR KEEPS AND GET RID OF BARLO, TOO! HE'S NO USE TO ME NOW!
ONE SWIFT GLANCE WARNS THE ANGEL OF THE IMPENDING DANGER!
SCARPONE'S IN THE CAR. GOT TO GET OUT OF ITS WAY!
?
THE CAR ROARS BY --- THERE'S A CRASH -- AND..
AIEEEEE!
GOOD GRIEF! HE HIT BARLO!
OHHH-- ANGEL ANGE...
A MANGLED, DYING HUMAN WRECK SPILLS IT'S LAST CONFESSION.
I'M HEADIN' "OUT", ANGEL... YEAH! I KILLED VINCE --- HE WAS GONNA BLAB ABOUT THE BREAK... GET SCARPONE, ANGEL... THE DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT ---- AGHRRRRRR
I WILL, BARLO!
WHA..? HE'S GOING THROUGH THE HOLE ...
BUT...


THE BLOWN TIRE THROWS THE CAR CRASHING INTO A CULVERT--- SCARPONE DRAGS HIMSELF OUT TO FIND THE ANGEL IN HOT PURSUIT!
HERE COMES BRIGHT-EYES! HMM..(SNIF, SNIF) GASOLINE.. THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA--- A HOT IDEA!
COME AND GET ME, ANGEL!
I DON'T NEED ANY PROMPTING!
BUT THE ANGEL DOES NOT NOTICE SCARPONE THROW A LIGHTED MATCH INTO THE SPILLED GASOLINE.
AS THE GAS FLARES, SCARPONE JUMPS NIMBLY ASIDE.
BURN, ANGEL, BURN!
THE VILE KILLER RUNS FOR THE WOODS AS THE ANGEL ROLLS INTO THE CREEK.
THE WOODS.. AND FREEDOM!
GOT TO DOUSE THESE FLAMES!
AND, AFTER THE FLAMES ARE OUT.
HE'S MAKING FOR THE BUSH! CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE!
DRAT THAT GUY! HE'S AFTER ME AGAIN!
THIS OUGHT TO STOP HIM!
SCARPONE LIFTS THE BIG LIMB AND SENDS IT CRASHING DOWN ON THE ANGEL'S SKULL!
DIE, YOU RAT!
HEY!


WHAT THE ?? YOU'RE STILL STANDING?
SURE--NEXT TIME DON'T PICK UP A LIMB FILLED WITH TERMITES, SAP! IT CRUMBLED TO PIECES!
AND NOW YOU HAVE PLAYED YOUR LAST DITCH STAND-- THIS IS CURTAINS FOR YOU, SCARPONE!
LEGGO!
A SMASHING RIGHT, AND SCARPONE GOES OUT!
NOT ON YOUR LIFE TERM, SCARPONE!
THE ANGEL SLINGS SCARPONE OVER HIS SHOULDER AND WALKS BACK TO THE PRISON.
SAY-- PLENTY OF GUNFIRE COMING FROM THERE!
AND AS THE ANGEL APPROACHES THE PRISON, THE WARDEN COMES UP TO HIM...
YOU GOT HIM... GOOD! BUT THE CONVICTS ARE STILL HOLDING OUT IN THE CELL BLOCK------ LOOKS BAD!
KEEP A GUARD ON THIS GUY-- I KNOW A WAY TO HANDLE THOSE CONS!
HOW IS THAT?
TEAR GAS! WE'LL ROUT THEM OUT CRYING FOR FORGIVENESS!
TEAR GAS SHELLS ARE SHOT THROUGH THE PRISON WINDOWS!
THIS'LL MAKE 'EM UNHAPPY!
YEAH! IT'S WORSE THAN PEELING ONIONS ON K.P.


THE TEAR GAS BOMBS EXPLODE WITHIN!
OW!
ME EYES!
SNIFF! SNIFF! TEAR GAS!
COUGH! COUGH!
WHOOF
WHOOP
TEARS STREAMING FROM THEIR EYES, THE PRISONERS COME OUT!
(SOB) WE GIVE UP!
(SNIFF!) GIVE ME AIR!
MY EYES! MY EYES!
SOON, THE CONS ARE RECAPTURED!
THAT ENDS THAT.. ODD... THERE WERE ONLY TEN OR FIFTEEN OF THEM THERE!
YES! THE OTHERS CHANGED THEIR MINDS WHILE YOU WERE OUT AND WENT BACK TO THEIR CELLS.
SUDDENLY - - -
ANGEL! SCARPONE IS DEAD!
WHAT?
YES, STONE DEAD! DIED OF INTERNAL HEMORRHAGE SUSTAINED WHEN THE CAR CRASHED, SO THE PRISON DOCTOR SAYS.
HOW IRONIC! SCARPONE TAKES HIMSELF FOR A RIDE AND BEATS THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
WELL, ANGEL.. TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE WOULD BE GROSSLY INADEQUATE!
FORGET IT! CHARGE IT ALL UP TO EXPERIENCE!
AND SO ONCE AGAIN, THE JUSTICE-CLOAKED SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS IN PEACE OVER A SCENE THAT WAS A PLACE OF CARNAGE AND CRIME - LET IT BE WARNING TO ALL PRACTITIONERS OF EVIL... BEWARE -- THE ANGEL IS COMING!
(IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS

The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!


ONE!
TWO!
THREE!

BLITZED By LIGHTNING JU-JITSU!

YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are — no matter how accustomed you've grown to being bullied and kicked around — you can now *in double-quick time* become a "holy terror" in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are — *that's* the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest frame of yours waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of LIGHTNING JU-JITSU.

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your loved one can now look up to you, certain that no one will *dare* lay a hand on her while you're around.

WHAT IS THE SECRET? LIGHTNING JU-JITSU, the deadliest technique of counter-attack ever devised, the science which turns your enemy's weight and strength *against himself*. A secret weapon? Certainly! But it is a secret that is yours for the asking, to be mastered immediately. In your bare hands it becomes a weapon that shatters your attacker with the speed and efficiency of lightning ripping into a giant oak. You'll learn to throw a 200-pounder "around" as effortlessly as you'd toss a chair across the room.

LEARN AT ONCE! *Not in weeks or months!* You can master this invincible technique NOW! No expensive mechanical contraptions. No heartbreaking wait for big muscles. Actually, as you execute the grips and twists of LIGHTNING JU-JITSU, your body develops a smoothness, firmness and agility that you never dreamed you'd have. It's easy! Just follow the simple instructions in LIGHTNING JU-JITSU. Clearly written and illustrated throughout with *more than 100 drawings*, the principles can easily be followed step-by-step and learned in one reading.

Today's Toughest Fighters Are Ju-Jitsu Experts!

Our soldiers, sailors, leathernecks and fellows entering the armed forces well know that in this all-out war their very lives depend on a knowledge of all our tactics. The Rangers and Commandos use this deadly instrument of scientific defense and counter-attack. American police and G-men, prison, bank, asylum and factory guards — and other defenders of our public safety are relying more and more upon it. Even in the schools, boys of teen age are being taught Ju-Jitsu. It is not a sport, as our enemies are discovering to their sorrow. It is the crushing answer to treacherous attack. You, too, must learn to defend yourself and your loved ones as ruthlessly as our fearless, hard-hitting fighters.

SEND NO MONEY!

Mail the coupon now. We will send you LIGHTNING JU-JITSU for 5 days' free trial. When it arrives, deposit 98c (plus a few cents postage) with the postman. Read it! If you are not satisfied, send it back and we will instantly return your money.

LIGHTNING
JU-JITSU
COMPLETE
98c
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What Lightning Ju-Jitsu Does For You

1. Fills you with unshakable self-confidence.
2. Makes you a sure winner in any fight.
3. Teaches you to overpower a thug armed with gun, knife, billy or any other weapon of attack.
4. Can give you a smooth-muscled athletic body.
5. Sharpens your wits and reflexes by co-ordinating eye, mind and body.
6. Make your friends respect you, etc., etc.

FREE! IF YOU ACT QUICKLY!

By filling out the coupon and mailing it right away you will get a copy of the sensational new POLICE AND G-MAN TRICKS. Here are revealed the holds and counter-blows that officers of the law employ in dealing with dangerous criminals. Supply limited. *Act promptly to get your free copy.*

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441 Lexington Avenue, New York, 17, N. Y.

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Here's an amazing opportunity for every full blooded American boy to prepare himself and his buddies against enemy air attacks. Lots of fun! Exciting! Thrilling! With this special offer you get a complete Junior Air Raid Warden kit and if you act at once, you will receive FREE with your order a heavy carrying case (size 14½" long by 10" high) which is built with compartments to hold each of the many items. Read on and learn how to get yours.

Juni
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JUNIOR
Air Raid
Warden
Kit

BOYS! BE READY FOR ENEMY AIR ATTACKS

You owe it to your Uncle Sam to know just what to do in the event of an air attack. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit has been devised to enable you to practice and play . . . BUT you learn as you play. You are furnished with a Helmet, First Aid Kit, Bright Metal Badge, Shrill Siren-like Whistle, Junior Arm Band, Identification Cards, Report Sheets, Pencil and Note Book, Gas Mask and Splints. All these items are included so you go through the exciting and thrilling experience while you play of an actual alarm or attack. Everyone of your friends will want to play with you . . . you will become the most popular boy in the block. All of your boy friends will want a kit. Be the first one to proudly wear and use the many articles included in your Junior Air Raid Warden kit . . . and don't forget, if you act at once, you receive FREE of extra cost with your order, the handsome carrying case which has a handle and everything in it, just like the picture of this advertisement.

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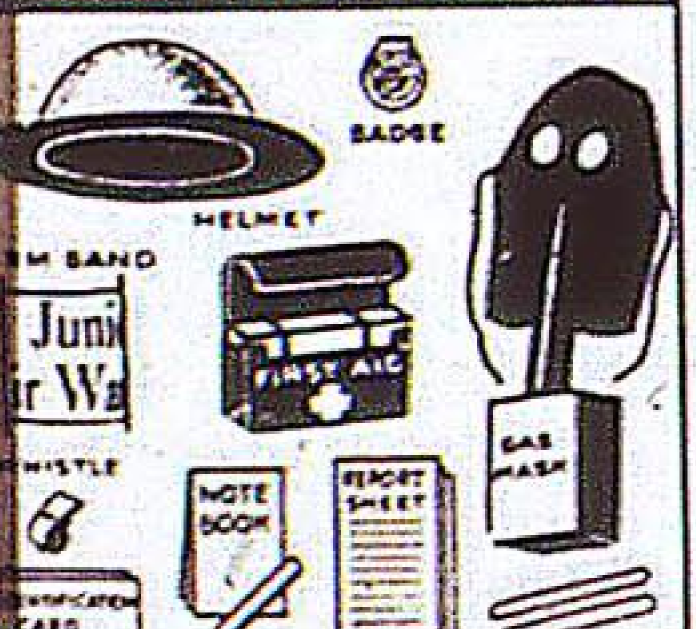

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JUNIOR
Air Raid
Warden
Kit

Just What Every American Boy Needs

You no longer need envy your Dad or neighbor when you see them strut the streets with their air raid warden outfits, whistles, bands, hats, etc. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit contains everything to make you look like a real air raid warden . . . but better still is the fun you will get out of playing and practicing. Uncle Sam wants every American boy to know his job in the event of an enemy air attack. You need this outfit to help prepare yourself for such an emergency. You can form Junior Air Raid Warden Clubs and enjoy great thrills in this almost realistic sport. Order your kit today and be the first one in your neighborhood to gain added popularity. All instructions are included.

GUARANTEE—You take no risk! You must be 100% delighted or you may return within five days for full refund of purchase price.

SEND NO MONEY

Just sign your name and address to the coupon. (Write or print carefully in order to avoid mistakes.) We will ship the complete outfit, including the free carrying case (size 14½" long x 10" high) by return mail. Deposit $1.69, plus postage, with the postman on arrival but act at once because a limited number are only available at this special introductory price.

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NOTE: Only two kits will be delivered to a single customer at this introductory price.

Help yourself get the job you want in the Army . . .

PASS HIGH ON THE INDUCTION "I.Q." TEST

Your future military life, your rank, your pay, your job, depend in part on the grade you achieve on your induction General Classification Test. As a wise man once said, "An opportunity well taken is the only weapon of advantage." The time to prepare is NOW — before you take your test.

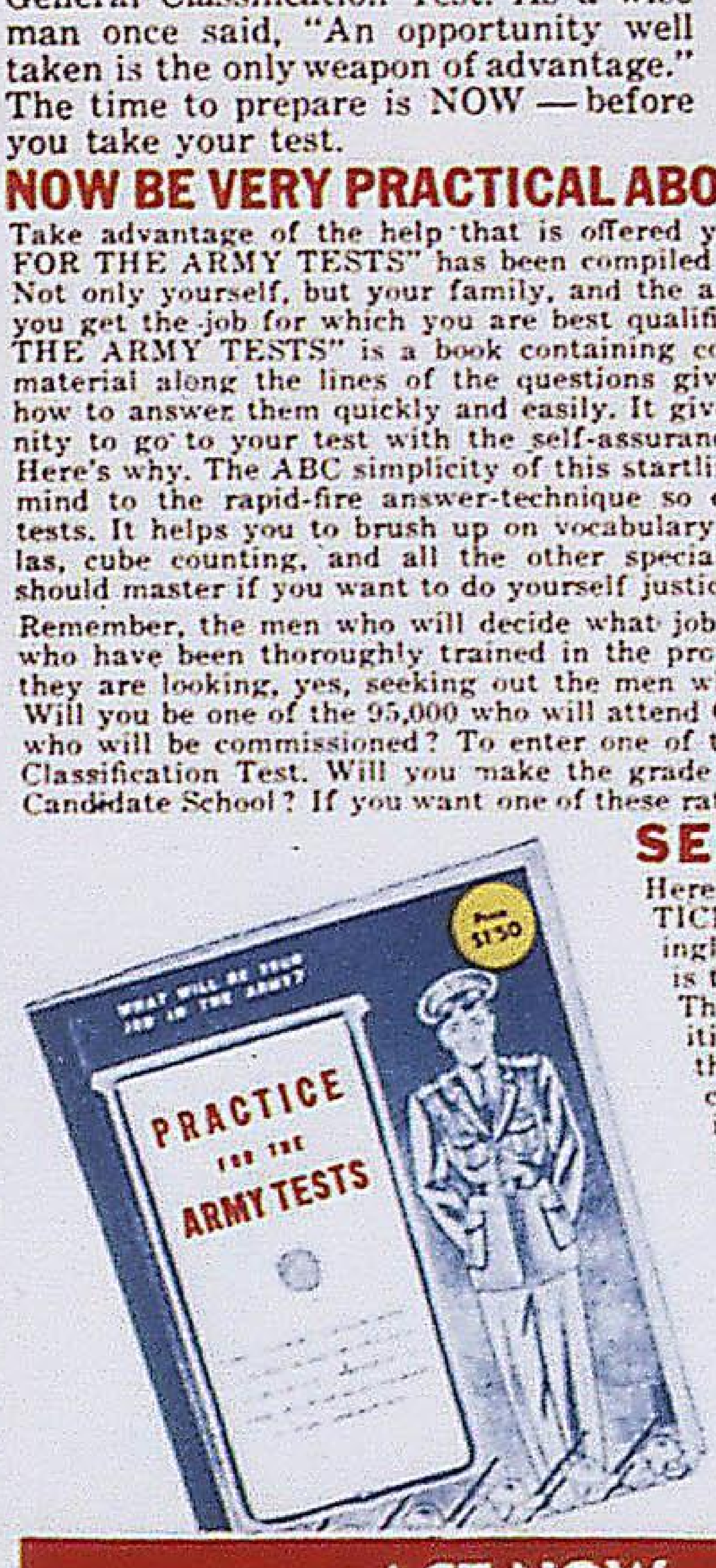
PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

- How the Army Decides Upon Your Job.
- Vocabulary
- Arithmetic (15 Fascinating Chapters)
- Cube Counting (Very Important)
- How to Prepare Yourself for the Tests
- How to Avoid Pitfalls, etc., etc.
- Tests in the Air Force
- Tests in the Navy

NOW BE VERY PRACTICAL ABOUT YOURSELF

Take advantage of the help that is offered you here. "PRACTICE FOR THE ARMY TESTS" has been compiled to help men like you. Not only yourself, but your family, and the army, want to see that you get the job for which you are best qualified. "PRACTICE FOR THE ARMY TESTS" is a book containing complete and simplified material along the lines of the questions given on the tests—tells how to answer them quickly and easily. It gives you a real opportunity to go to your test with the self-assurance "that I am ready." Here's why. The ABC simplicity of this startling book will gear your mind to the rapid-fire answer-technique so characteristic of I. Q. tests. It helps you to brush up on vocabulary, mathematical formulas, cube counting, and all the other special techniques that you should master if you want to do yourself justice on your exam.

Remember, the men who will decide what job you are to have in your military career are personnel officers who have been thoroughly trained in the proper use of each man's abilities and aptitudes . . . and remember they are looking, yes, seeking out the men who will stand above the average. One of those men may be you. Will you be one of the 95,000 who will attend Officer Candidate School this year? Will you be one of the 75,000 who will be commissioned? To enter one of these schools you must make a really good score on the General Classification Test. Will you make the grade? Will your mark be high enough to allow you to enter Officer Candidate School? If you want one of these ratings, and we are sure you do, brush up...before you take the tests.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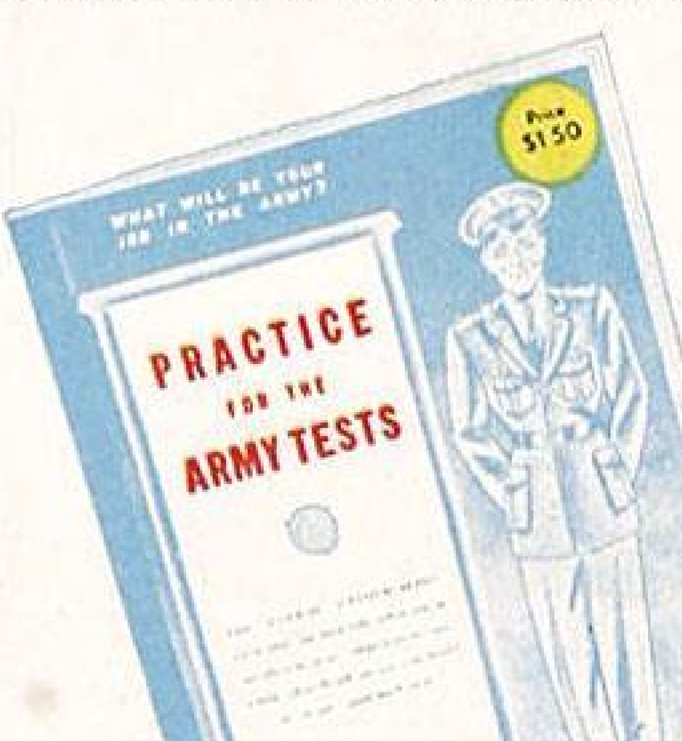
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